

THE CHRONICLE

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A True Line Needs No Lash

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

The Stallion Is 75 Per Cent Of The Stud, Famous Breeder Claims

CHOICE of a stallion is generally considered the crux of breeding operations. Everything else therewith connected may be said to hinge upon and focus around that momentous decision.

The axiom of John E. Madden, the most successful breeder in history, if we take the length, the magnitude and the results of his undertakings, together with the fact that he bred almost exclusively animals for the market, racing but few of them himself and those, as a rule, only so he could sell them advantageously, is well known:

"The stallion is seventy-five per cent of the stud."

To this many other breeders took exception, some of them with great scorn and acerbity.

It did not chime with the over-emphasis upon brood mare lines and families which for years had been the vogue.

In consequence, it was contradicted, denied, disputed and subjected to a heavy fire from the exponents of the so-called "Maternal Dominance" theory.

Had it been what they asserted, a mere "rag for daws to peck at," it would have "died a-hornin,'" as do all feeble and foolish things.

But—it didn't.

Madden himself, who was a hard hitter in a verbal argument—as also otherwise!—never took back an inch. On the contrary, he was as aggressive as his critics. He gave them as

Continued on Page Sixteen

Black Badge Is Seen As Favorite In The Flamingo

Has Done More To Warrant Support Of Public Than Any Other Candidate

The Kentucky Derby is three months off and the experts can't seem to agree on a solid futures favorite. But the Flamingo at Hialeah, first of the year's big 3-year-old races, is less than a month away and there seems to be just as much uncertainty in picking an early favorite for it as in the Derby.

When the entries for the Flamingo were locked up last December a total of 84 good runners were on the list. Since that time most of them have been in training and many of them have been beating one another in preparatory races. To date there are about a round dozen which might be pointed out as having better than a long chance in the big race on February 26.

The big question in most instances is can these horses carry their speed over the mile and an eighth of the \$15,000 added classic. Perhaps so and there might even be some in the four score and two which have not been under colors this year so far but which may pop out any day and establish himself as part of the pre-Flamingo contention.

At this writing the horse with the greatest popular public favor, based on current performance and training condition, seems to be Abraham Hirschberg's **Black Badge**. This black son of *Cohort—Pennant Girl got

Continued on Page Sixteen

Masters Hold Their Annual Dinner With Pink Coats Still Put Away

Former President Tells About First M. F. H. A. Dinner

By A. Henry Higginson

On the 25th of February, 1915—almost twenty-nine years ago—the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America gave a dinner at The Riding Club of New York. That dinner, the first of its kind, was given in honour of a distinguished British Master of Hounds, Captain Charles F. P. McNeill, who had acted as Judge of English Foxhounds at the Hound Show given that day at the old Madison Square Garden, by the Westminster Kennel Club of New York. So successful was that dinner that it came to be an annual event given on the evening of the Annual Hound Show which was inaugurated by the Riding Club, and afterward adopted by the M. F. H. Association itself. It so happened that I was at that time President of The M. F. H. Association—it was my first year, as a matter of fact—and so I had the honour of presiding at the dinner, which was arranged by my good friend Mr. E. H. Carle, who at that time was Master of the Westchester (if my memory has not played tricks with me). We have had many dinners since that night, in the old days when I used to live in America—I don't think I ever missed one of them

and my memories of them and of the men who used to sit round that table are very dear to me.

Sitting here in my library in old England I was thinking of those days this morning when my butler brought in the mail and there, on top of many other letters, was one from Charlie McNeill, who had been our guest at that first dinner many, many years ago. I hadn't heard from him for a long time—our paths have led in different directions—and it was a very pleasant surprise to learn that he was again in England. For many years he lived in France, managing the stud of an English sportsman who kept a great racing stable, and coming seldom to his native land. I met him once on Bond street in London—one used to meet all one's friends on Bond street in the old days before the War—and though at that time we had not seen each other for fifteen years, we recognized each other at once. Charlie came and dined with Mrs. Higginson and, me that evening—we were

Fifty-Five Members Present At Meeting

Endorse Proposal That All Hunts Should Encourage Junior Organizations

Fifty-five members were on hand for the Annual Meeting of the Masters of Foxhounds Association meeting and dinner at the Union Club on January 28. In the afternoon about 40 members enjoyed Mrs. Henry G. Vaughan's hospitality at a cocktail party in the Vaughan room at the Brook. Great appreciation was expressed by all of Ambrose Clark's generosity in loaning the prints of famous huntsmen. Mr. E. H. Carle is anxious to start a scrap book which will, we hope, be a series of them, with all sorts of interesting photographs and articles. As time goes on, this can be made a most valuable record of fox hunting. Your New York representative was requested to see that The Chronicle was bound each year for the memorial room and to collect as complete a set of back numbers as possible.

At the business meeting very satisfactory reports were made by the officers as to the condition of the association and the Benefit Fund which in a few years should be large enough so that the income will be sufficient to pay benefits without depleting the principle.

It was unanimously voted, on Mr. Bowditch's motion, that The Masters of Foxhounds Association officially endorse the proposition of urging member hunts to seriously consider the thought of encouraging the Juniors to take an interest in hunting by organizing the Juniors within each hunt.

It was further voted that the manner of presentation of this thought to the members be left to the Executive Committee.

This will be whipped into shape in the near future and will be fully reported by The Chronicle at that time.

The efficiency of the President, Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, was evident through the entire arrangements of the meeting and dinner at a charming oval table seating all 55. The war left all pink coats still put away.

Speeches by Mr. William Woodward, president of The Jockey Club; Mr. Reginald Rives, president of The Coaching Club; Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen, president of The American Horse Shows' Association and Dr. Howard Collins who has done so

Continued on Page Fifteen

Fox Hunting Five Years Ago

The following article was written by Mr. W. Plunket Stewart, M. F. H. and President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, for the American Legion Pageant held at Mr. Pierre du Pont's five years ago.

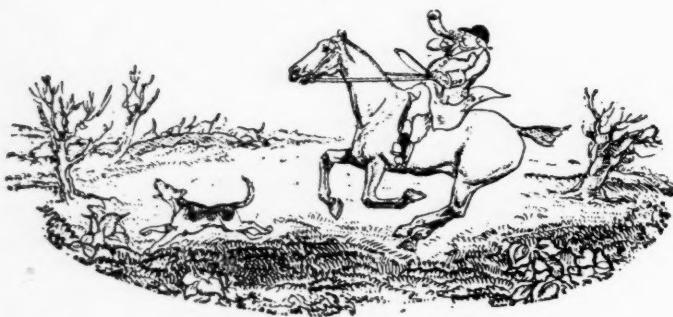
It seems but natural and fitting that the program of this very beautiful Pageant should contain a few words about fox hunting, for, indeed, the noble sport has flourished and been one of the leading diversions for many years in the vicinity of Longwood and Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. No one who has ever read the Story of Kennett, by Bayard Taylor, can forget not only the beauty of the story itself, but the description of the fox hunt.

Fox hunting has long existed

throughout the United States, but more especially in the east, and it is interesting to note that even as far back as the 18th century, organized hunting took place under the auspices of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club of New Jersey, the history of which has quite recently been published. This club was formed by gentlemen living in Philadelphia and Gloucester Counties, New Jersey, in 1766, and the territory hunted was the Jersey and Pennsylvania Counties near Philadelphia. The hey-day of the Gloucester Club's prosperity came during 1775, when sixteen couples of hounds, we are told, showed splendid sport, and an elaborate uniform was adopted. However, the War

Continued on Page Sixteen

Hunting Notes:-



Two Children Pound The Field

By A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.

Perhaps my title to this article is a little misleading; though strictly speaking, it is quite true; for two children did pound the South Dorset Field yesterday, although they did not pound one wise member of the Hunt Staff—Mr. Roy Cake, a stout South Dorset farmer, who was acting as Amateur Whipper-in. Even so, it was a great performance on the part of two little girls, to whom I gave the trophies of the chase at the end of a hunt which took the South Dorset Hounds out of their own country to a successful finish after seventy minutes of the best.

Last year I wrote for The Chronicle an account of a "Children's Day" in the North end of the South Dorset country. That was a good day—I remember it well—but although we had a good gallop, it was not a satisfactory day from a Huntsman's point of view; for no trophy of the chase hung from the Whipper-in's saddle as hounds jogged back to kennels that night, and in my Hunting Diary I find no entry of foxes killed or marked to ground. Owing to a slight outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in part of our country, it was necessary to change the meet at the last minute, with the result that, although I advised everyone I could reach by telephone, of the place of meeting, the Field was somewhat reduced in numbers. However, there were about fifteen children out, eight or ten sporting farmers, as many ladies, and—I am happy to say—three or four serving soldiers at home on leave.

Hounds came over the road from their kennels a dozen miles away in a van which we had been lucky enough to hire from a farmer who was going that way to market. The Huntsman came over the road on his horse—there was no Whipper-In. (I write these details in order to show Americans who may read this article under what difficulties hunting is carried on here)—so, I asked Mr. Roy Cake, one of the best sporting farmers in this neighbourhood, to fill that vacancy; knowing full well that he could and would do so. I never see Roy Cake in the field without recalling to mind the day when he and the old Cattistock Hunt Staff and I had a brilliant day from Martinstown, which ended on the hills above Sutton Poyntz, when hounds killed the biggest fox I ever handled. I was hunting hounds myself that day and when we crossed the Weymouth road—the Boundary between the Cattistock and South Dorset countries—I remember turning to Cake, who was galloping close beside me, and asking him if he

would act as my guide across the South Dorset country, which he knew so well. At the time I little dreamed that I should one day be Master of that same country.

But to go back to yesterday's hunt—we found our first fox in Cole Hill, and after a ring round the covert, he broke on the Southern side towards Broadmayne. Hounds coming out close behind him, streamed away towards the sea, turning back right-handed and driving on into Home Wood just back of Came House. Our pilot's point was, I think, Yellowham Woods; but he was headed near the stables below Came House and turning back through the Wood, broke again and crossing the park, found sanctuary in a rabbit-hole in Cole Hill, not a hundred yards from where we had found him that morning. It was a nice burst, exactly 30 minutes by my watch, with hounds in sight most of the time—an ideal gallop for children—and with the scent which obtained, good enough fun for anyone.

Looking back through some old files of The Sporting Magazine, I find an account of a day from Came House, where we had met that morning; and since it is from the pen of no less an authority than Robert Smith Surtees, who had journeyed to Dorset in 1835,—more than a hundred years ago,—in order to see for himself what sort of sport Squire Farquharson was showing, perhaps I may be permitted to quote from it. Writing under the pseudonym of "Yorkshireman", he says:—"There is no County in England that has had more written about it, and yet of which a stranger can form so slight an idea of its sporting pretensions and capabilities, from what has been said, than Dorsetshire. Mr. Beckford would appear to have set an example rigidly followed by subsequent writers, for, though he says the country he hunted was composed of three different sorts, I do not recollect that, in the course of his Letters, he ever mentions specifically what County those three sorts were situated in; and though, for this many a day, we have had details innumerable, not only of the straightforward progress of old Reynard himself, but also of the devious windings of poor pussy, yet the writers invariably confine themselves to the names of the points they respectively made for, and to their opinions of the packs, their Masters, and management, as though all people were equally acquainted with the country, style of the establishment, etc., as with themselves. 'Nimrod', I be-

lieve, never hunted in it and, in a volume lately published, containing the pith of his Hunting Tours, all mention I find made of Mr. Farquharson's Hounds, consists of a look he had at them one day when he overtook them at exercise in the summer, as he rode off the Blandford Racecourse.

The first time I met Mr. Farquharson's Hounds was at Came House, a handsome residence on the Weymouth side of the country, at that time occupied by Mr. Tobyn, late of The Queen's Bays. Of all the countries I have ever been in, Dorsetshire is the most difficult for a stranger to find his way about. Fingerposts there are none; Downs, with their 'Dorsetshire Milestones', stretch about in all directions, and the cross-roads, over the bleak and barren heaths, are puzzling beyond description. My line to cover this morning gave me a good insight into the nature of part of the country, and, had I not had a good pilot in Colonel Lethbridge. (Colonel Lethbridge was living at Bloxworth) who has lived and hunted in the country for many years, I could never have found my way there at all.

"Came House, I believe, is one of the show meets of Mr. Farquharson's Hounds; at all events, it is a favourite one, as it lets in the Weymouth and Dorchester people, and moreover, is in an open country. * * * * There were fully two hundred well-mounted horsemen in the field, the majority of them in scarlet, and nearly all wearing the uniform of the Hunt—viz., white collars to their coats, and 'F' on their buttons; while the show of beauty among the fair sex on horseback, and in the numerous carriages, was such as would have done honour to Leicestershire itself. Indeed, the whole thing was highly creditable to the sporting character of Dorsetshire, and showed that the gentry still retained the character given them by Mr. Beckford, when he said that 'in the country where I lived, most of the gentlemen are sportsmen'."

That remark of Peter Beckford's is as true today as it was then, and yet, what a change a hundred years has brought! But I think Surtees would like to have seen that little cavalcade that moved away from Came Park yesterday morning as hounds went on to draw the gorse above the Came Down Golf Club, scarcely a mile away from Came House itself. There are always foxes in the gorse there, gorse which have not been uprooted or burned, as they have in many places where the Downland has been under cultivation for the first time in many,

many years. As hounds began to draw, Mr. Chapman's two little girls rode up to me. "Can we go ahead, Master?" they said, "and watch the far end; so that we can holla a fox away, if he breaks?" "Yes," I answered, "that would be very useful; go ahead." They galloped off, each to her post, and it was not many minutes before a fresh pilot broke from the gorse and sped across the open towards the railway line. I don't know who hollaed that fox away—I think it was Mr. Cake—but anyway, hounds were in the line and away in a jiffy; and from the way they drove on, it was easy to see that scent was still as good as it had been earlier in the day. They swung to the left towards Bincombe Heath, going at top pace with heads up and sterns down, with the Huntsman and the whole Field nicely bunched.

"What a good start!" I said to myself, and then—the unexpected happened. We came to a fence which had always been easily jumped before, and there, two yards beyond, were three strands of new barbed wire. I saw it just in time and held up my hand; and with one accord the oncoming Field reined in and swung back through a gate to get around the obstacle, while hounds drove on. "He'll go over the road to Bincombe Heath, Sir," the Huntsman said to me. "We ought to catch him there." I thought he was right, and yet, remembering a day when a fox from the golf links had crossed into the Cattistock country, I was not altogether surprised to see Mr. Cake turn right-handed in that direction, with the two Chapman children—my volunteer Whippers-in—close at his heels. That was the last I saw of them for half an hour.

We had 12 1-2 couple out yesterday and as the Huntsman and I galloped back through the gate to get around the obstacle, while hounds drove on.

Continued on Page Fifteen

Foxhunters!

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Far Hills, N. J.

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Waterproof Rain Coats

Have Raglan Sleeves, In-
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The Fox As A Lover

By Samuel J. Henry

Down in the rolling sedge fields and pastures of Maryland and Virginia the wild fox now pauses from stalking his quarry, and although pursued by hounds and riders with exceptional vigor and determination, Reynard finds that as the days begin to lengthen he in turn is developing the desire to indulge in a little chasing on his own account.

Thus, as one hacks cautiously and quietly through the forest, or in the silent bottom lands, where the swamp willow soon will begin to exhibit her languorous spring growth and the tulip poplar once more to blossom forth, a pair (or perhaps a trio) of foxes may be encountered. Then you know that the "clicketting" season is at hand when the dog fox is indulging in a type of hunting vastly more exciting than stalking a rabbit, or scratching out crayfish from the sandy creek bed.

For in the month of February foxes—and squirrels—make up their cozy twosomes for the season—the first of Nature's little ones after the turn of the year to get busy with the perpetual business of pro-creation.

If it so happens that in his own beat all the females of the species

have been spoken for, or rather acquired by the ancient test of trial and battle, your eager and handsome dandy, with his brush at the height of beauty, must seek other pastures. So he goes a-travelling, maybe to the other end of the country, or over the line; 'tis certain that no dog fox remains without a mate except after strenuous efforts to procure one.

At such times the prosaic duty of finding food is of secondary importance and rest a thing forgotten, and nothing will deflect Rufus from the company of a susceptible Vixen other than a sound thrashing by a competitor, or hounds themselves. If it is the pack that disconcerts him and the pursuit is for blood, traveling Rufus will go away so straight, so fast and so far as to furnish the most exciting of runs.

On the other hand if the fox hunters on a day when Old Sol, a trifle mellow, is flirting with Mamma Earth, and the wind god's breath is warm and gentle and the red bird sings "What Cheer, What Cheer," if at such a time the hunter detects a plaintive yet hoarse call from the thickets, he won't turn hounds loose because it's the cry of a lonely Vixen seeking her mate.

to the south, back to the north, and west again to Wiley's. In circles of varied distances, he must have been close to his den at least five times before he discovered that he had made a mistake in passing the den the last time. With brush dragging in the mud it appeared that his days were numbered, but courage and resourcefulness saved his life as he ducked into a convenient hole in the abutment of a bridge on the county highway running by the old Wiley home. Prior to this fox being marked to earth under the bridge, the hounds which had started out running another fox had been called in and all had joined in the hottest part of the race. The pack was weary and obviously disappointed at being cheated out of a kill that seemed certain until the last moment. Huntsman and riders sympathized with the hounds, but they couldn't help but have a great deal of admiration for the courage and resourcefulness shown by the fox, and in their hearts they were glad that he would be here to run another day.

A recent heavy rain brought to light a kill of the largest dog fox Huntsman Thomas states he has ever seen. In one of our previous hunts, we reported that the fox was marked to earth in a culvert. A heavy rain washed the body of this fox out and marks on its body gave evi-

dence that a dog had managed to get into the culvert, kill the fox, and come out without being detected.

On Saturday, January 22, the meet was at the Embassy Club with a field of about fourteen present. A line was picked up shortly after the cast, and the thought was that it was probably the same fox that had given such a courageous run on Thursday and had come very near ending his running days. At any rate, the fox that was up took no chances, and after a run of about twenty minutes he was marked to earth. Huntsman Thomas lifted the hounds and worked over a large amount of the territory in an effort to again pick up another line, but without success. Probably it was just as well as the Secretary and Treasurer of the Hunt, Charles L. Kearns, and Mrs. Kearns and Master Rochelle and Mrs. Rochelle had invited all to the Embassy Club for breakfast, and it was one o'clock when the riders arrived back at the Club. —T. V. R.

Saturday, February 5—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 10—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 12—casting from Stables 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 17—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 19—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, February 24—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, February 26—casting from Embassy Club 10 A. M., follow-

ed by Breakfast, given for members riding, by Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Meitner, Mr. LeRoy Briggs.

Thursday, March 2—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 4—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

Thursday, March 9—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 11—casting from Stables 10 A. M.

Thursday, March 16—casting from Stables 3 P. M.

Saturday, March 18—casting from Adams' Farm 10 A. M.

* * * * *

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Ch. 1930 by My Play—Red Head—King Gorin.

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of Tola Rose, Sheriff Culkin, Richmond Rose, etc., etc. Through November 30, 1943, Head Play sired 29 winners of 60 races and \$43,835.00, including 9 2-year-old winners of 15 races, value \$12,745.00.

*QUATRE BRAS II

\$250 Return

B. 1928 by *Teddy—Plucky Liege—Spearmint.

Full brother to *Sir Gallahad III and *Bull Dog. Sire of Eurasian (winner Travers Stakes, etc., 1943) Quarter Moon (Maryland Futurity, 1943) Dotted Swiss, George Case, etc., etc. Through November 30, 1943, *Quatre Bras II sired 30 winners of 70 races, value \$75,525.00, including 10 2-year-old winners of 25 races, value \$25,311.00.

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Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

DISTANCE RACES

Salvator's article in our issue of January 28th gave us much to think about and makes us blush a little for the reference to "improving the breed" when we think how racing as a whole today is big business in most minds, rather than sport and horse interest. We realize it is a most natural result of mutual feeling and war conditions and the proximity of inflation.

However, we're not downcast and are firmly of the opinion that the best basis for which to do good and have generous sporting thoughts is from the basis of a full treasury.

Without that we can do little. So first let's rejoice in the financial success of racing and then see what reasonable steps can be taken to fulfill one of the legal reasons stated in the application for a track location and a permit to race; "improvement of the breed", and not hurt the source of the golden egg.

The only first thing we think of is the undoubtedly fact that the public likes distance races and bets more on them than on sprints. Why is it hard to get more distance races? We think the two main reasons are, first—the purses for distances are not sufficiently larger than for the sprints to offset the chances for a stable to earn more money in short races which his horse can run often—and, second, eight races are too many and require that many more horses or that many more races for the same horses so they must be sprints.

On paper the answer looks simple for some horse loving track management. Fewer races and bigger purses for the distance events. This puts a premium on what an older horse can do and if attractive enough, some owners of the precocious colts mentioned by Salvator might be tempted to nurse this precociousness for stretch running, rather than take the chance of burning this valuable fuel before the horse reached maturity.

Another reason we hope some track will really take such a step is because the public today is sufficiently accustomed to this form of billing so that the former \$2 and \$5 bettor is now a \$10 and a \$20 bettor. Published figures for the New York tracks in 1943 showed the \$10 window had the largest turnover.

We think the loss in turnover by cutting out two races will be less than expected. Also, the cut down can be tempered with more steeplechases which the public are fast learning isn't such a foolish thing to bet on as he at first supposed.

ONLY THE WORTHY REMAIN FREE

Nineteen hundred and forty-four is the year of decision, and the grim predictions of allied, political and military leaders rank foremost in the minds of all people. This is the year of total war and destruction, death and suffering. It may well be the year of military victory—thanks to the courage of our fighting men and the American production miracle.

Armament production in the United States has reached stagger-

ing proportions. In November, every five minutes saw the birth of one new complete plane. The month's total was 8,789 of which 1,000 were heavy bombers. More than 150,000 war planes have been built since the start of hostilities.

Nineteen million tons of merchant ships were launched in 1943, compared to 1,163,000 tons in 1941.

Naval and shipbuilding has outstripped the imaginations of the wildest dreamers. About a dozen aircraft carriers were turned out in November alone. Warship tonnage in 1941 was 2,132,000. Out of the ashes of Pearl Harbor it rose to 5,000,000 tons in 1943, a colossus bent on the destruction of Japanese aggression and Nazi tyranny.

Tanks, guns and supplies are being produced in unbelievable quantities.

These things were made possible by the productive genius of free enterprise. In the hands of 10,000,000 American men and their companions in arms, they are America's answer to the warped leaders of Europe and Japan who have challenged our freedom.

But we have no cause to rejoice. Tens of thousands of our men have died and many more must die in 1944. The people have been told, when the war started that they would have to make sacrifices. They were told that this war was total war. And, yet, other than those who have given their men, no one has so far made an iota of real sacrifice. It is not in the cards for such a condition to continue.

Some time in the not too distant future, we, at home, are going to find out what total war means, even though we may never feel the impact of bombs on our cities.

A pretty good indication of how we are going to find out can be seen in the gusts of bitter controversy sweeping through the land over strikes, taxes, subsidies and inflation. They are the prelude to the storm. When it hits in full fury, the test of our love of freedom will be upon us.

No person in this nation can ever shut from his mind the awful vision of the last days of 1943 in which 1,000 Marines lay dead on the beaches of one little South Pacific island. These men died for the right to be free. We at home have yet to prove worthy of the freedom for which they died.

Letters to the Editor

Paul Brown's "Horse"

To The Editor:

I was very pleased to see the page showing "the Nomenclature of a Horse", as this is very, very interesting to the laymen and although you have more finished people, hunters and horsemen reading the regular issues of The Chronicle, probably more than any other journals or magazines, still it is very interesting to go over this.

About the only thing that people can usually refer to are the withers and the fetlocks.

The reason I am commenting on this is because I have given a number of "The Horse" publications, by Paul Brown, published by Scribner's of New York, to friends of mine and I feel this is a wonderful book, pleasantly and well illustrated and should be in the library of every horseman or lover of hunting and horses.

I also compliment you on the excellent way, under these strenuous times, in which you are keeping up The Chronicle.

Sincerely yours,

F. M. Young.

Rides To Hunt

To The Editor:

I want to thank you for publishing my request for hunting notes on Rose Tree. I also owe a vote of thanks and deep felt gratitude to the person L. N. R., whom I believe to be L. N. Robinson. Most unfortunately, he was not a "regular" last year but I am pleased to see him back in the saddle once more behind the famous Rose Tree hounds. I believe L. N. R., truly "rides to hunt."

It is my hope that he will continue to keep up such a splendid job as he started in your issue of January 7, 1944. Every nook and cranny mentioned could be vividly imagined in my mind and brought back fond memories. Sorry to have been so late in recognizing the answer to my request. However, at the first of the

year my address changed and my Chronicle wasn't forwarded from home until they knew of my correct address.

Thanking you and L. N. R. once more for bringing me such news and fond memories,

A/C John T. Ronayne
Pine Bluff, Ark.
January 25, 1944.

Names And Pictures

To the Editor:

We were all very pleased with the pictures of the Essex Fox Hounds, and also the beagles which came out in last week's Chronicle. Unfortunately, however, the names of the Huntsmen and First Whip of the Fox Hounds were two years old, and the present incumbents were very disappointed to see themselves under other names. The present Huntsman shown in the picture is Floyd Kane of Warrenton, Va., and the First Whip is Joseph Lynam. I think they would be very pleased if you could correct this in one of your next issues.

With kind regards, I remain
Yours ever sincerely,
Richard V. N. Gambrill.

January 25, 1944.

(The corrections in the staff members of the Essex Fox Hounds were made after the supplement to the Hunt Roster was published. The caption for the picture was taken from the supplement.—Editor).

For Those In Service

To the Editor:

At this great distance from the center of fox hunting, one keeps an interest in the sport through your journal. Some of your readers would be interested to know that Leonard W. Bugman of Ligioner, Pa., who was lost over France in a bomber raid last fall, has subsequently been taken prisoner and is in a German Air Force prison camp.

Continued on Page Twenty

NEW A. H. S. A. AWARDS

The AMERICAN HORSE SHOWS ASSOCIATION, at its Annual Meeting in January 1945, will present a Division High Score Award to the owner of that recorded horse in each of the following Divisions which shall score the highest number of points at Member and Licensed Shows during the year:

HUNTER	THREE GAITED SADDLE HORSE	HEAVY HARNESS HORSE
JUMPER	THREE GAITED SADDLE PONY	HEAVY HARNESS PONY
WALKING HORSE	FIVE GAITED SADDLE HORSE	

To be eligible an animal must be recorded with this Association and in good standing. Points won previous to recording will not be included in the score. The cumulative score earned from January 1 to December 1, 1944 will be included. No points will be credited for ribbons won at non-member shows or at Local Shows.

The recipient of each award shall be the owner of the winning animal at the time of its winning the last point but to receive the award such recipient must be an Individual Member of this Association in good standing. Ownership of an animal may be transferred during the competition without affecting the animal's score which shall be cumulative for the period.

The official score will be kept by the A. H. S. A. and will be based on the marked catalogues received from Member Shows as authority. The Association will use every care to achieve accuracy but will not be liable for error resulting from the failure of a Show to file a properly marked catalogue, or for inaccuracies or omissions in the marking thereof.

- Except in Championship Classes points will not be scored in classes in which less than four horses actually compete.

EACH HORSE SHOW IN THE UNITED STATES IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN HORSE SHOWS ASSOCIATION IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE IN ITS MANY ADVANTAGES AND IN ORDER THAT ITS EXHIBITORS MAY INCLUDE POINTS WON IN ITS SHOW RING IN THEIR SCORE FOR THIS IMPORTANT RECOGNITION.

ADRIAN VAN SINDEREN, President.

For complete information as to regulations address Mr. Lewis M. Gibb, Secretary, American Horse Shows Association, 90 Broad Street, New York City.

Horsemen And The Army

By Louis A. Nelson

"East is east.
West is west.
And Never
The twain shall meet."—Kipling

With a triumphant expression the levi clad soldier handed me an old ear marked copy of the "Western Horseman," opened on a page graced by the title of, "The Natural Horse."

"Read it, and I think you will be convinced my arguments are logical sound," said the soldier, better known to me as "Montana."

Wondering a little what axe the unknown (to me) author had to grind, and how this particular essay on the horse tied in with the numerous debates between the ex-cowboy and myself; I commenced a perusal of the copy, not however before admiring some excellent photos of a few good Quarter horse types presented throughout the periodical.

I am forced to admit, that before I had completed three fourths of the work, I was more than slightly hot under the collar. It seems as if the writer (Sol Torey) had not only an axe to grind, but threw in a couple of halberds for good measure. It was now clear to me why "Montana" had me read the article. As a westerner, he held in fine disdain all types of so-called "English Riding," while his contempt of horse cavalry and the military seat was supreme. He had in the past advanced identically the same arguments as did the writer of the article afore mentioned.

The first issue that aroused my ire as presented by Torey, was what he thought, unwarranted finickiness of army men when purchasing cavalry mounts. For instance, he couldn't understand why the army objected to horses with high withers, and persisted in buying only solid colored horses.

Well, it seems to me the reasons for these conditions should be obvious to the veriest tyro. Saddle sores being the bane of a cavalry horses existence (even for well conformed backs) imagine what the tribulations of a high withered horse must be. As for off colored horses; the reasons for this should be evident to the newest recruit. They are first of all, uniformity in troop and detachment units, viz: A-Troop-Blacks. B-Troop-Bays. C-Troop-Chestnuts; and so on down the line. Then just think what a beautiful target a gray horse would make on a distant landscape.

The writer then went on to describe a cavalry charge he witnessed at the annual rodeo held at Salinas, California where during a pistol charge the lead horse fell and the remainder toppled over the fallen horse without making any effort to clear the downed animal. In the ensuing melee quite a few soldiers were injured.

The vast rodeo audience was horrified at the turbulent scene and speculation was rife. How could a supposedly well trained cavalry horse ever have fallen on a perfectly manicured course? Did the army train their cavalrymen to charge at a breakneck pace without making any deviations from a straight course or obstacles? Why they had seen countless wild cowboy races, and never in their memory had they ever witnessed anything resembling this awkward scramble. To their way of thinking this was indeed a sad commentary on the state of our cavalry. All that an enemy would have to do

was bring one horse down in a column and the rest would be "duck soup" as the popular expression has it.

Quite naturally this incident was stressed by the author as a particular point in his maintenance, that horsemen (army and civilians) tended to raise and keep their animals in an artificial environment.

However, the facts do not bear him out in this respect, with the possible exception of isolated instances.

Some of our best hunters and jumpers are raised in the rugged Blue Ridge mountain country of Virginia. Also since when have our great hunting fields been an artificial training ground for an up and coming young hunter prospect?

As for army practices, let me state that a horse has to be indeed a tough individual to take the life day in and day out. By no possible stretch of the imagination can the vast maneuver area of two or three states in the deep south be construed as an artificial drill ground. Not when mountains, streams, rivers, swamps and bayous have to be negotiated.

As it so happens I'm fortunate enough to be stationed near Salinas Calif., and I took upon myself the task of investigating the rather peculiar circumstances surrounding this ill-fated cavalry charge.

My first discovery was, that the unit participating wasn't horse cavalry, but a section of horse field artillery. Without detracting anything from the horse artillery, I might add, that they haven't the opportunity of delving into the higher forms of horsemanship as the cavalry. It's not required or expected of them Duties of artillerymen are primarily that of gunners.

The second discovery was mainly one of observation; talking to an unbiased witness, and deduction.

I had noticed first of all that the track was exceedingly narrow. A half squad of cavalry would have squeezed through only with the greatest of difficulty, while galloping abreast. Then talking to the eye-witness, I learned he was of the opinion, that the horse in the lead at the time of the accident, seemed to cross his legs while rounding the first turn. Since the witness was directly opposite of the pile up when it occurred, it was safe to assume that he knew the facts of the incident.

I could visualize the scene now. A hot dusty afternoon. Grim faced artillerymen mounted on restive horses lined up at the head of the stretch waiting for the commands to

MYOPIA HUNT CLUB

Hamilton,
Massachusetts.
Established 1882.
Recognized 1894.

"Snow time is no time" to send hunting notes from New England, so this is just to report that the Myopia Hounds finished a very successful season on December 5, having followed a drag thirty-one times last autumn and provided much pleasure to the fair sized fields, which often included officers home on leave. On Thanksgiving Day, the hunt finished at the Francis P. Sears', who, with their proverbial hospitality entertained the field at a bountiful luncheon, much of it from Marie's farm.

The death just before Christmas of Pat Keough who had for many years

raise pistols, and then forward gallop.

Finally with the sharpness of a pistol shot, the order came from the officer in command; "Gallop Ho." The sound of drumming hooves surged and rippled through the air like the beat of many drums in the distance. Coming past the stand some of the troops could be seen rising in the stirrups, and pulling on the reins to check the maddening speed as the first turn loomed into view. Then some green horse apparently on the wrong lead attempted the turn; his legs inevitably crossed, and down he crashed; the rest unavoidably piling over him spilling their riders but hard on the dusty track.

I must admit it was a rather tragic afternoon for the horse artillery, however this consolation can be offered if it would help any. I've seen the same thing happen on some of our best race tracks, with the riders having TWO hands on the reins.

Some of these things I later explained to "Montana." But could I convince him? I could not. Hence Kipling's immortal lines at the beginning of this article. Highly appropriate in this case, don't you think?

maintained a very successful riding school and hunting stable, has deprived youngsters of their much loved "guide, philosopher and friend" and will be a loss to the whole community. His son, Pat Jr., who helped his father in the business, is in the army and a daughter, Peggy, is in the Wac.

Myopia is blessed with a versatile master for he is not only a fine horseman and former steeplechase rider, but an expert yachtsman who has sailed in ocean races and with General Patton and their respective wives, also equally at home in the saddle or at the tiller, sailed a forty-foot schooner to Honolulu. Captain Gor

Continued on Page Nineteen

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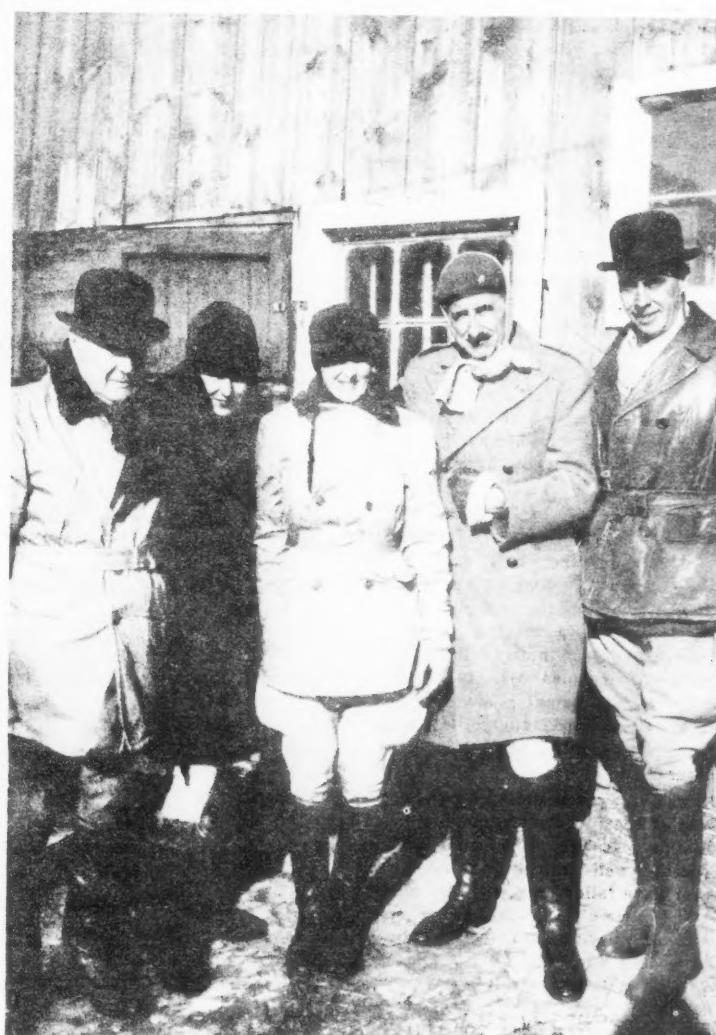
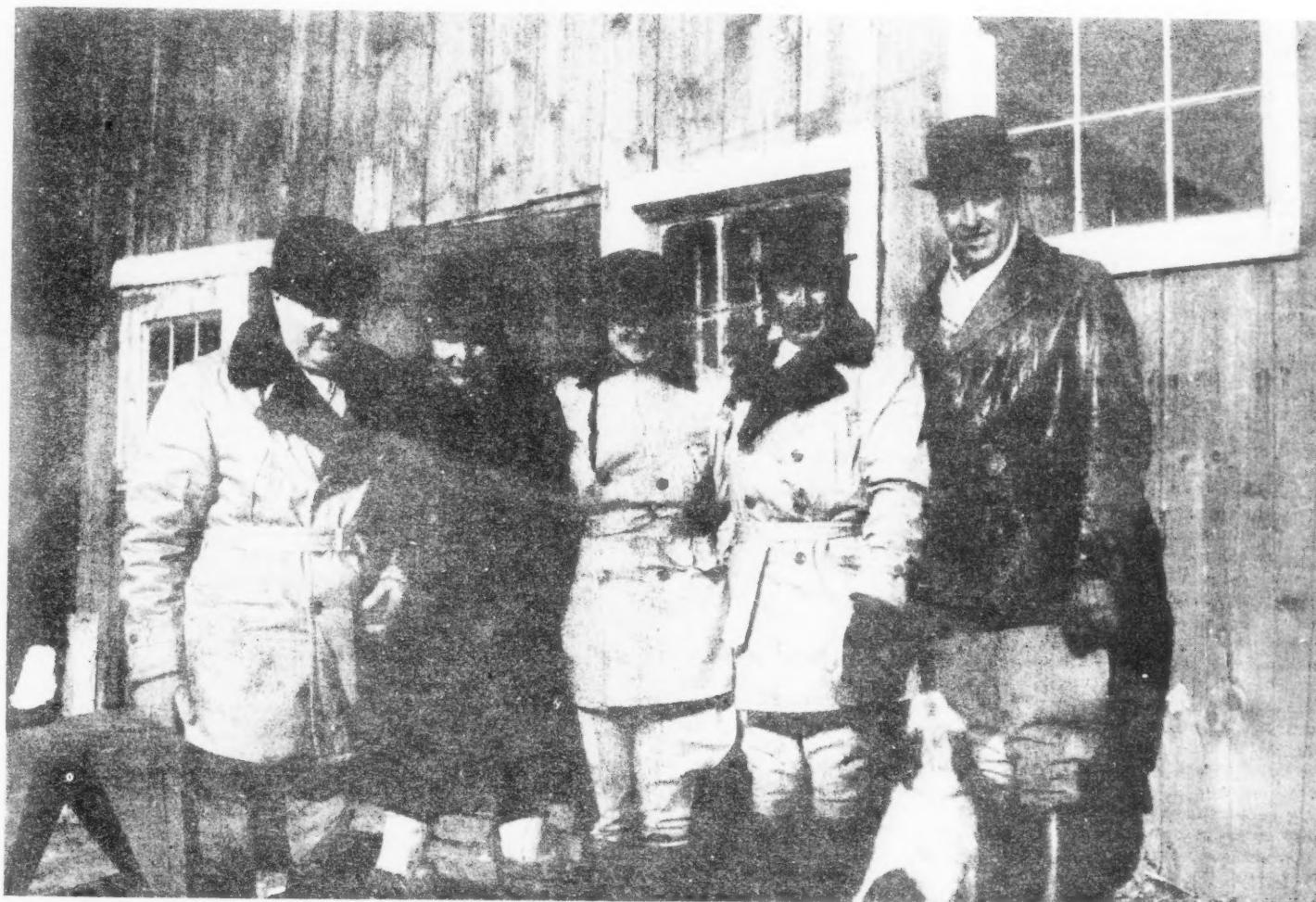
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1944

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE SEVEN

ROMBOUT HOUNDS



Last week we reported an unusually cold day for Rombout Hounds of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Those mentioned in the story as braving the coldest day they had ever attempted to run a fox were left to right, above, O'Malley Knott, our correspondent; Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Joint-Master with Homer B. Gray; Mrs. Stirring Tompkins, Joseph W. Dixon, also a correspondent and Richmond Meyers. In the photo on the left is Mrs. Ryan with her daughter Miss Nancy Ryan and on the right, Mr. Knott, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Tompkins, Major Parkinham Moran and Richmond Meyers.

MONMOUTH COUNTY HUNT



These snaps were sent us recently by Miss Nancy Gaddis Heller of Rumson, New Jersey. The Monmouth Co. Hunt is continuing with one day's hunting for the duration, Saturday. The photos in sequence show Mr. Amory L. Haskell, M. F. H., talking to Mr. Hoey, a farmer; Mrs. Haskell with the hunt staff and others; the same picture practically with l. t. r., Jimmy Reynolds, Buzy Berckmans and Isabelle Haskell; Lizzy Knapp talking to Mr. Haskell and Mr. Hoey; photo showing part of 56 couple of harriers; Lizzy Knapp, Isabelle Haskell and Buzy Berckmans; Mr. Amory Haskell, M. F. H.; Mr. Haskell and Lee Van Brunt, 1st Whip; Miss Nancy Gaddis Heller formerly 1st Lieut. in the WAC with STINGLEA on the left and her bay with 10 seasons and never a mistake to her credit to the right; Buzy Berckmans and Lizzy Knapp.

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Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Experiments Might Produce Fish Bigger Than Those Of Angler's Tale

Days are lengthening and grass is growing—far from desirable in January according to the old weather prophets, who believed that "if grass grows in Janiveer, 'twill grow the worse through all the year".

Speaking of herbage being too soon quickened to Spring vigour and greenness, reminds me that I was much interested this week in what a friend told me regarding a scheme now being tried to increase water-plant food for fish. It seems that a chemical manure has been found which will encourage the spread and quality of lake and river green stuffs beloved by salmon and other fish. As yet, I gather, experiments have been confined to more or less static water in lakes, but it is believed that means can be adopted for feeding the same plants even in fast running water, and that the size of fish can be materially increased, likewise their numbers in given stretches of water.

What next? There are tabloid foods for human beings and for horses, concentrated foods for poultry, cake for cows, and now fish are to have their vitamins and fattening green salads increased in quantity so that they will become even bigger than those of an angler's tale! We have not had our usual presents of Tweed salmon during the war years, for the good reason that few have finished, and fewer still have rented stretches of river for which very high figures were demanded in normal times.

Once when staying at Kelso, I heard of someone who had paid £300 for the right to fish a limited stretch of water for a few weeks. He caught one fish! Time was when those attending Kelso races could, if they knew the ropes, take away with them a fine salmon (poached, of course) for about five shillings.

Young 1944

The old-time huntsman disliked hounds who "skirted and babbled off the line". I must plead guilty to having gone off at a tangent. Let me now return to that endless topic—the weather. "It's over mild for the time of year, but it's putting winter nicely on", say the ruralists, to which pessimists add "Wait a bit! There's winter, snow and blast to come." The Yuletide decoration (which, according to long-standing superstition, must not be taken down until after Twelfth Day), have gone, and Yule is once more but a memory. Children are rather mournfully counting the days remaining to them before they return to school, just as a few weeks ago they were ticking off the calendar to December's breaking up date.

Do the days fly more quickly for the old or the young? I wonder! For both there are days that seem as years and years that seem as days. Well, 1944, full of hope and promise, is well and truly launched, and already speeding on its momentous voyage. "Years following years, steal something every day; at last they steal us from ourselves away", said Pope, whilst Baily wrote: We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. May 1944 be very kind to us!

The Hunting Season

"We're going to have one or two more days and then finish the season", said northern M. F. H., to a group of farmers in a market square the other day. One of the farmers replied "I didn't even know you were hunting this season, you've never been our way, I think". The M. F. H., rejoined "Oh, yes we have, and over your farm too. I'm so glad we left no traces behind us."

Then another farmer added a comment in which there was a good deal of food for thought. He said:

"Hunting's all right when there's only a few local sporting gentlemen-real gentlemen with a bit o' breeding behind 'em—mounted as at present. It's when all these townsmen (whom we don't even know by sight and who don't spend a penny in the district, or say 'by your leave', or 'thank you') come galloping about and breaking down fences, that we get our backs up. It's to be hoped when the war's over, and hunting gets back into its regger way, that you Masters of Hounds will be a bit stricter on strangers living about the country, and that you'll not advertise when hounds are to meet near towns".

These remarks show the way the wind is blowing. With much less grass than aforetime, with fences and gates perforce neglected through lack of labour, and with fewer farmers hunting, there is not a bit of doubt that there will have to be stricter discipline in the field, and that once "popular fixtures", which draw huge crowds, will have to be avoided, if there is not to be trouble with the agricultural community.

During the war years there have been so few riding to hounds, and so little in the way of cross country gallops, that nothing has been done to get the wrong side of overworked and much worried farmers. It will, however, be otherwise if the irresponsible and the ignorant (even though they are big subscribers) are not kept in order when peace does come. It is worse than idle to conceal from ourselves that although there are lots of good sporting farmers left, the temper and outlook of those on the land, together with their attitude towards hunting and shooting, has changed. The feudal spirit is dead, the feeling that to destroy foxes, to put up barbed wire; indeed, to do anything inimical to the interests of sport, is one of the major mortal sins, no longer exists. More than ever will hunting men be reminded of the fact, more than ever will the cry of "reclaim" (so insistently in the ears of those of us who were cavalry officers in France during the last war) be heard.

Threats To Hunting

Each of the last three generations has been in its time a threat to hunting. First came railways, then barbed wire, then the studied bleeding white of the old landed classes and the consequent breaking up of estates, and now taxation which will make the upkeep of hunting establishments difficult. Added to this is the antagonism of the "antis" and the threat of nationalisation of the land, which would inevitably bring hunting to an end in some areas.

If it is any indication as to the attitude of those where labour rules, the Glasgow Corporation is all out for nationalisation, and even in the

sporting county of Ayrshire, the County Council last week turned down by a majority of five only a motion to support Glasgow in its clamour for Nationalisation. In Ayrshire there were the usual stereotyped speeches calling for "the land for the people", regardless of the fact that many of those who were compelled to buy their farms when squires "sold up", or "sold out", freely admit how much better off they were when they paid a rent to the old type of landlord.

It is interesting to note that although the so-called Socialists are never happier than when attacking the landed class, and although nothing would give the former greater pleasure than to put an end to hunting and shooting because they are the sport of those whom they describe as "the idle rich", it was not the landlords whom the Ayrshire County Councillors in favour of Nationalisation attacked so much as their estate agents who (so they said) "lived like princes and caused feudalism to be rampant".

Distemper Stops Hunting

Liable as are foxhounds to distemper, great as is still the annual loss through it, of puppies (despite inoculation), troublesome as is canine hysteria, (of which we have heard little in Hunt kennels since war-time rations have been the order), it is not often a pack is prevented from keeping its appointments owing to the first-named ailment. This has been the case with the College Valley hounds in Northumberland. Several hounds and three of the Hunt terriers have died, and the usual holiday fixture at Wooler had to be abandoned.

I hear there is quite a distemper epidemic in the county amongst all sorts of dogs. Someone said the other day that both distemper and canine hysteria were comparatively recent maladies due to too much inbreeding and improper feeding. So long ago as 1835 the author of "British Field Sports", (himself a veterinary surgeon) expressed surprise at an authority like Daniell stating in "Rural Sports" that "distemper in dogs is a disease which has been known in this country about forty years only." The first-named author went on to say:

"If Mr. and Mrs. Adam kept a dog, whether sheep-dog, mastiff or comforter, it in all probability had in due course, the distemper, whether or not the old gentleman and lady had the veterinary skill to discover it".



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FLARES

Bay, 1933

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by GALLANT FOX—FLAMBINO, by *WRACK

Was sire of the stakes winners CHOP CHOP and TEENTEE in his first season; he was a winner of the Newmarket St. Leger, Champion Stakes, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and the Ascot Gold Cup, all with big weights.

Fee \$250 Return

TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

by *SIR GALLAHAD III—HELOISE, by FRIAR ROCK

Was the leading two-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity; 10 of his 13 starters in his first crop and 10 of 12 starters in his second crop are winners; he is a full brother to BOY KNIGHT, stake winner two-year-old this year, and half brother to the stake winners DINNER DATE, and SGT. BYRNE. A yearling half brother sold for \$33,000 this year at Meadowbrook.

Fee \$150 Return

Both TINTAGEL and FLARES stand complimentary to stake winners and dams of stake winners.

POMPEY

Bay, 1923

by *SUN BRIAR—CLEOPATRA, by CORCYRA

Is the sire of four stake winners this year—WHIRLABOUT, ANTHEMION, BIRCH ROD and POMPION. He is also sire of the champion two-year-olds of their years LADYSMAN and POMPOON. His get have won nearly \$1,700,000 to date, and 64% of his foals are winners.

Fee \$250 Return

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal, to be claimed by December 1, 1944. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit. No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS TO

A. B. HANCOCK

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

Horsemen's News-



Trainer Jacobs Doesn't Go In For Scientific Stuff

Says He Must Feed Them Well And Runs Them Where They Belong

Hirsch Jacobs, America's leading horse trainer for ever so many years, denies he is a pigeon fancier any more and avows that he is just a horse fancier with lots of luck plus a lot more energy and ambition.

Jacobs is a little red-headed guy with a rather soft voice and mild manner. His greatest concern right now is to find a likely-looking 2-year-old, as yet unnamed, that he can name after his young son Tommy. He has three youngsters and the girl was honored by naming the good filly **Patricia A** after her, and the other boy had **Johnny Dear** named after him.

The success of the Jacobs-trained public stable has been so consistent for so long that people often wonder what he has that makes his horses win. We asked him and he told us, rather simply: "I just feed them well and take care of them and run them where they belong. No fancy diets or vitamins for me. If a salesman sends a new-fangled bale of hay or some special oats over to sample I just use them and save on feed costs. But I don't go in for this scientific stuff."

Jacobs hasn't bet on a horse in years and still he has made more winning parlays than anyone on a race track. He has parlayed cheap platters into stakes winners. So often, that it monotonous to relate, Jacobs has claimed a horse out of a race at some paltry sum and then seen that horse go on to win races and in much better company. In fact, he said that often in running a horse that was a false favorite he felt sorry because he knew the horse shouldn't be such a short price.

The Jacobs' system of running a stable is no great secret. He puts a lot of time in his work and a lot of study. He goes out to the paddock whenever there is a horse in which he is particularly interested running. He first looks for soundness and then for performance and the possibilities of a horse improving. Jockeys are a big factor in his success for, he says, he wouldn't have the best rider in America under contract. "What I want in a boy", he explains, "is good riding form. So many boys get hot and then cool off. Well, I want them riding for me when they are hot."

The best claim that Jacobs ever made was the stakes winner **Marriage** and now a candidate for the McLennan and Widener Handicaps at Hialeah Park. "I claimed him for \$1,400", he pointed out, "and then he won eight or nine races for me. But I lost him for \$5,000 and he has

gone on to better things since. Aside from that I should say **Caballero 2nd** was the best claim I made. He won over \$30,000 for me."

But the little carrot-topped trainer has also made some bad guesses. Most notable in his memory was the horse **Modernist** for which he paid out \$5,000 and said that he couldn't get rid of for \$5. "So I just gave him away," he explained.

Jacobs is fully conscious that he is regarded principally as a horseman that claims other peoples' horses out of races. But he doesn't let it worry him too much. He points out that actually he is just about the most unbiased breeder of horses in America today. "There aren't many breeders that have mares in Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland. I have seventeen scattered around the three biggest breeding centers."

America's leading trainer's idea of the best horse race of all time, which never came off and never will, would have been a three-way match between **Alsab** in the form he showed in the Champagne Stakes of 1942, **Whirlaway** in his Kentucky Derby form and **Count Fleet** in his 1942 Champagne Stakes form. And maybe he has something there.

And what does this fellow do when he is not training horses? Well, he likes the movies and he reads all the papers, but admittedly skims through them quickly. But his real fun comes every Sunday afternoon when he packs Mrs. Jacobs and little Johnny, Patricia and Tommy into the family car and drives them out to the track to visit the horses.

And, oh yes, he has one superstition. It concerns a certain number of people, whom he wouldn't mention by name. "It seems that every time I see one of this group around the track I lose a race. Don't ask me why, but it just happens that way and it occurs to me as soon as I spy one of them."

Asked who he picked as the most promising 3-year-old he said it was a good toss-up right now between **Platter** and **Pukka Gin**. "But that little 3-year-old of mine, **Stymie**, is a tough little runner and I think he'll be around there when the distance is stretched out to the mile and an eighth of The Flamingo. Oh, yes he started twenty-eight times as a 2-year-old but that is what he likes and the more work the better he gets."

And Jacobs is doing right well this year. He has ten winners to his credit at Hialeah and if he keeps his health and good sense he should wind up America's leading trainer again in 1944. "But I never know what my total is. If you ask me how many I have won at a certain track I'll tell you right off the bat but the total takes some time to figure out."

Polo

The Pinehurst Polo team this week defeated the Camp Mackall team after the army team had been leading for three games. February 6th the game is to be Mackall against Fort Bragg. A battalion of men from Camp Mackall attend the matches each Sunday.

Buy WAR BONDS

Stakes Winners

A former plater and the only starter not prepping for the Flamingo, S. Feinberg's **Ariel Flight** left 9 Flamingo aspirants behind in his surprise victory in the Bahamas Handicap at Hialeah Park on Saturday, January 29.

H. E. Jacoby's **Good Bid**, a 3-year-old son of **Psychic Bid—Glorious Hour**, carried top weight of 122 lbs. and his performance in the Hialeah Stakes against **Black Badge** gave him top billing for the Bahamas. **Ariel Flight** was the early pace setter but relinquished his lead to A. W. Wentzel's **Freezout**, only to drive in at the finish to win by 1½ lengths, **Freezout** dropping back to 3rd behind **Good Bid**.

William Helis had a double at the Fair Grounds on Saturday as his **Salto** won the Shreveport Handicap and **Valdina Zenith** captured the Gulf Coast Handicap. **Valdina Zenith**, his recent acquisition from Henry Knight who purchased the Valdina Farms Thoroughbred interest in their entirety, was making his first start for his new owner. Mr. Helis also purchased **Rounders** and **Valdina Albert** from Mr. Knight.

Valdina Zenith was listed in the entries under Valdina Farms but at post time with Mr. Helis' colors, he won the handicap easily by 6 lengths ahead of Coldstream Stable's **Rover**. Bobanet Stable's **Gay Bit** was 3rd.

The Shreveport Handicap had 6 starters with Dock Stable's **Go-Gino** in at top weight. J. A. Blackwell's **Miss Ethel** assumed the lead at the start but **Go-Gino** moved ahead by half-a-length at the half-mile mark but could not withstand the chal-

lenge of **Salto** in the stretch. **Salto** won easily by 3 lengths as **Go-Gino** placed three-quarters of a length ahead of Mrs. M. E. Miller's **Traffic Court**.

Saturday, January 29

Bahamas Handicap, Hialeah Park, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds. Purse, \$5,000 added; net value to winner, \$4,570; 2nd: \$1,000; 3rd: \$500; 4th: \$250. Winner: Br. g. by *Castel Fusano—New Dawn, by *Sickle. Trainer: W. E. Martin. Time: 1:25 3-5.

1. **Ariel Flight**, (S. Feinberg), 109, M. Caffarella.

2. **Good Bid**, (H. E. Jacoby), 122, E. Arcaro.

3. **Freezout**, (A. W. Wentzel), 112, H. Lindberg.

Ten started; also ran (order of finish): Brolite Farm's **Challenge Me**, 110, A. Skoronski; Mrs. R. Caruthers' **Jimmie**, 116, C. McCreary; B. F. Lister's **Eternity**, 114, G. McMullen; Mrs. E. D. Jacobs' **Stymie**, 118, S. Brooks; River Divide Farm's **Briar Sigh**, 112, F. A. Smith; Mrs. R. C. Dodge's **Green Bush**, 113, T. Atkinson; Mrs. C. B. Jackson's **Blue Wings**, 107, N. Wall. Won driving by 1½ place driving by a neck; show same by 2. Scratched: Quick Draw, Edemgee, Spook Ship, Bud Grey.

Shreveport Handicap, Fair Grounds, 6 f., 4 & up. Purse, \$3,000 added; net value to winner, \$1,975; 2nd: \$600; 3rd: \$300; 4th: \$150. Winner: Br. h. (5) by Neddie-Sunayr, by *Sun Briar. Trainer: E. L. Snyder. Time: 1:12 1-5.

1. **Salto**, (W. Helis), 114, N. Jemas.

2. **Go-Gino**, (Dock Stable), 120, S. Murphy.

3. **Traffic Court**, (Mrs. M. E. Miller), 109, W. Garner.

Continued on Page Eleven

HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOESTRING

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MILK MAN

(PROPERTY OF MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART)

Will Make The 1944 Season At THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

MILKMAN , br., 1927	Cudgel	Broomstick	Ben Brush
			<i>[Elf]</i>
	Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	The Humber
			<i>[The Humber]</i>
	Milkmaid	Peep o'Day	Ayrshire Bandown
	Was a stake winner at 2, 3 and 4 years old and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 mile and a sixteenth.	Nell Olin	Black Sleeves

MILKMAN's record in the stud is outstanding. He has sired a VERY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF WINNERS FROM STARTERS, including the stakes winners Pasteurized, Early Delivery, Buttermilk, Daily Delivery, Raylyn, Galactic, etc.

His colts do well as 2-year-olds and yet are durable with many of his get running well at 5 and 6.

To October 1, 1943, 11 of Milkman's 2-year-olds have started. From this group, there have been 5 winners, Early Riser, Powdered Milk, Galactic, Milkwhite and Seal Rock, with Galactic a stakes winner. Five other 2-year-olds have placed and the only starter not to place to date has only started once.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificate

Fee \$300—Return

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The Pennsylvania Horseman

By J. Robert McCullough

The 1944 breeding season for **Pasteurized** shows every indication of being just as successful as his three preceding ones. The handsome big chestnut son of **Milkman** out of the *Sir **Gallahad III** mare, **Peake**, has had a full book every year and with each succeeding year it fills much quicker. Standing at the Newtown Square establishment of Mr. Charles F. Henry he has but a few seasons left for the current year and these will soon be taken.

His first colts come to the races this year and those already in training show great promise. For the most part they are big, strong colts showing good sense and a readiness to learn. It might also be noteworthy that they are fast, very fast, and show a willingness to 'go on'. **Pasteurized** marks his colts very strongly, at least the ones we have seen, with the same majestic bearing, the good size and a predominance of chestnut color. One in particular who is as Mr. Henry puts it, "The best d--- looking colt I've ever seen". The colt, a chestnut is out of the former Greentree mare, **Courlant**, she by **Broadside** out of a **Broomstick** mare.

Another desirable quality of **Pasteurized** is his potency. He is a sure breeder with a sound mare and usually catches with the first breeding. Mr. Henry Strausberger of Norristown sent seven mares to him. All seven mares foaled healthy foals and all seven are colts. That should be a record or something.

For our money **Pasteurized** has all the qualifications to make a successful stud. A stakes winner, he combines the best blood of three countries, United States, England and France.

It will be with eager hopes that we watch his first colts face the barrier.

One foxhunter to follow The Chronicle advice is Mr. J. Newton Hunsberger, Jr. of Glenside. Mr. Hunsberger was an active figure in the show ring, the hunt field and through the field in point-to-points before the war. He is now a very busy man as an engineer for a large corporation holding defense contracts. Sunday is the only day he can ride and one horse is ample for his needs. When Mr. Hunsberger was more active, his pride and joy was a light bay blazed face mare by the name of **Houris**, by **Fitz-Rue** out of **Caprice**. Standing about 16.2, she was a mare of faultless conformation and carried her owner well in the ring, behind bounds and between flags. Had she

been reserved for the show ring she would have been a hard mare to beat in any conformation class but being a more useful mare she had a tendency to move on against the bit over an outside course which is of course not exactly the thing to do. Nevertheless, Mr. Hunsberger preferred an all round mount and so she continued to be a triple threat and the apple of his eye.

With the outbreak of the war and the curtailment of his activity, he decided to obtain a foal from the mare and so she was sent to the stallion **Mountain Elk** (**Apprehension**—**Bantry Pass**, by ***Sea King**) standing for Dr. E. B. Deubler of Newtown. Her foal will arrive this spring and Mr. Hunsberger reports that she is doing fine and shows every indication of being a good mother.

If your mares aren't working, breed them, there's going to be a market for them.

"It's an ill wind . . ." Guy Dupuy, shrewd little ex-jockey and more recently, trainer for Paul Carey's Rupaca Farms stables is now a member of his Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Dupuy was at New Orleans with Mr. Carey's charges when the clarion call sounded. His departure was the signal for a well deserved rest for two honest campaigners, **Charge**, a 4-year-old bay gelding, and **Layaway**, a chestnut 5-year-old.

Charge, a bloody looking middle distance horse pays his way but his legs are not quite up to his heart. While on vacation he will probably be fired and left down until spring.

Layaway, the money horse of the barn is still sound as a dollar and will have nothing to do but rest. The gelded son of **Whiskaway**—**Guttpurcha**, by **Ronald** or **By Hissel** has never been out of the money in the eighteen starts he has made in the 'red jacket and blue sleeves' of Rupaca Farms. Nine times he was first and on three occasions he was beaten second in a photo-finish. Another time he was beaten a length in a stakes race by the long shot, **Traffic Court**, the pair of them beating **Coward** and Dupuy's **Marriage**, the Cinderella horse and William Helis' sprint king **Salto**. **Layaway** has won over \$15,000 for Rupaca Farms for a lifetime total of almost \$30,000. A sensible horse that refuses to worry, he is a good keeper. As often as not he must be roused from a sound sleep for his breakfast.

Another note of interest, Guy Dupuy, trainer of **Layaway** is a brother to the co-owner of **Marriage**.

(finish): C. V. Whitney's **Signals** Bloke, 113, C. Swain; J. Emery's Sunnip, 115, J. Higley; L. A. Haydel's Birthmark, 106, L. W'grzyn. Won easily by 6; place driving by a head; show same by 4. Scratched: Appleknocker, Ideal Gift.

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Arlington-Washington Park Clubs Announce Two New Appointments

Benjamin F. Lindheimer, executive director of the Arlington Park and Washington Park Jockey Clubs, has announced two appointments to the operating personnel of the tracks. Fred A. Purner was made public relations director, and Howard Barry was placed on the organization's executive staff, with duties which will include special assignments in publicity. Both will assume their new positions on February 7.

Mr. Purner served in a similar capacity at Santa Anita Park for seven years. He also has had wide experience in many sport activities, when at Del Monte for a number of years and while with the San Francisco and Hollywood Coast League baseball clubs. Purner, former assistant sports editor in San Francisco, recently was public relations director chief of staff for the California State War Council.

Mr. Barry has been a Chicago Tribune sports writer for the past fifteen years, and served as its Turf Editor for the last five years.

Mr. Lindheimer has announced that substantial increases will be made in stake money to be distributed during the coordinated Arlington Park-Washington Park meeting which will run from June 19 through September 7, a period of 70 racing days.

Frank Hawkins Elected President Of P. H. A.

The annual dinner of the Professional Horsemen's Association of America was held at the Martinique Hotel in New York on January 25. About 60 members were present and reports of the officers showed progress during 1943 despite wartime conditions. New conditions in the competition for the P. H. A. challenge trophy are to be announced shortly.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President-Frank Hawkins; Vice-president-Dr. Jordan Woodcock; Treasurer-Arthur Buchan, and Secretary-David Wright.

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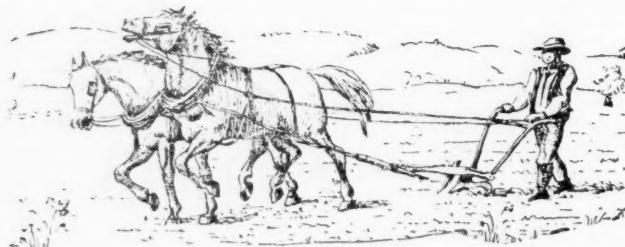
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FARMING in WAR TIME



Burning Robs Land Of Organic Matter

It's well-known that many soils are chiefly lacking in organic matter, yet every winter and every spring we see clouds of smoke rolling up where farmers are burning broomsedge and weeds and crop residues and brush—all of it capable of making humus, and so adding organic matter to the soil.

Burning pastures does kill broomsedge, of course. It will kill everything else too. But it kills them by making the land too poor to grow them. In addition, it is a serious cause of forest fires, foresters report.

But you ask, "How can I get rid of the filth?" If by filth, you mean dead grass and weeds, the answer is plow it down, clip and let it fall, spread it on a gall or gully, or pile it up to make compost.

Where broomsedge occurs in pastures, and one wants to get early grazing in the spring, clipping in the late fall or during the winter will serve the same purpose as burning and will leave the organic matter on the soil. It also serves as a mulch to protect any young valuable plants that may start in the spring and to conserve moisture in dry periods.

Land to be used to cultivate crops should be plowed in the late fall or early winter, returning the organic matter to the soil instead of destroying it.

A common excuse for burning is to get rid of brush. Although a certain amount of brush burning is unavoidable, it is almost as easy and a great deal better for the soil if that brush is piled up and left to rot. By shading the soil it will help hold moisture, and will protect it from livestock while grass is getting started.

If the object is to improve the pasture, keep the fire out, clip it if possible, but always fertilize and then pasture closely.

It's Time To Clean Ground In The Garden

February is fixing time in the garden. It's time now to clean along the fence rows and to dig out bushes and trees by their roots if they're close enough to shade the garden.

It's also time to examine the drainage and terracing set-up. Examine the garden after heavy rains, and see if any ditches are needed to carry off the water. If soil is washing away, plan terraces.

If you live on a farm or can get manure, specialists suggest using 20 to 30 loads of it per acre. If manure is scarce, and it well may be this year, use leafmold or any other compost material you may have.

February is also a good month to

Poultrymen Must Play Their Cards Carefully

By all means stay in the game, since you have your equipment—but play your cards carefully.

That's the advice Dr. Reece L. Bryant of V. P. I.'s poultry husbandry department, Blacksburg, Va., gives to poultrymen these days, even if mashes are costing about four dollars per 100 pounds and eggs are bringing only 30 cents a dozen.

Nobody can deny that the squeeze is being put on poultry flock owners. The scarcity and high prices of feed, the government request for fewer meat chickens, the greatly reduced schedule for government egg drying, the large supplies of beef and pork, and the substantial storage holdings of poultry and eggs make the poultry picture look pretty dark.

But there is a bright side to the picture. After all, January and February will probably find about the lowest prices for eggs of the whole year. Prices for eggs for the rest of the year may get up near ceiling levels, too, because chick sales are down now and that will mean fewer eggs in the future.

Then, feeds are expected to improve because of the inclusion of more corn and alfalfa meal. This will increase production per bird.

Cull out all loafers or boarders from your laying flock. Buy chicks only from quality stock. Market your broilers early. Don't put high priced feed into cockerels any longer than absolutely necessary.

Practice sanitation and disease control as you have never practiced it before—and stay in the game, says Dr. Bryant.

make or repair hot beds and cold frames, if you're going to start early plants. For indoor use, make small, shallow seed boxes.

It's time to sow vegetables which are usually seeded in hot beds or window boxes. In these you may include tomatoes, peppers, egg plant, cabbage, lettuce, broccoli, and the like.

Before February slips away, you will want to be ready to plant your earliest vegetables, such as spinach, mustard, kale, and head lettuce, in your outdoor garden. Of course, you won't plant these until March, but the garden experts urge you to order seed early and have other equipment on hand.

Farmers and gardeners with vegetable seeds a year or more older on hand should test them before planting—to avoid crop failure. Testing is easy to do at home, say V. P. I. garden specialists, and your county agent can give you information about how to do it.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Ration Points

Gasoline—In 17 East Coast states A-8 coupons are good through February 8, and A-9 coupons become good February 9 and remain good through May 8. In states outside the East Coast area A-10 coupons are good through March 21.

Tire Inspection—For A coupon holders, deadline is March 31. For B And C coupon holders, deadline is February 28.

Sugar—Stamp No. 30 in Book Four is good for five pounds through March 31. Stamp No. 40 in Book Four is good for five pounds of canned sugar through February 28, 1945.

Shoes—Stamp No. 18 in Book One is good for one pair. Stamp No. 1 on the airplane sheet in Book Three is good for one pair.

Fuel Oil—Period 2 coupons are good through February 7 in all areas except the South. Period 3 coupons, now valid in the Middle West, East, Far West, and South remain good through March 13 in the Middle West, East, and Far West, and through February 21 in the South. Periods 4 and 5 coupons, now valid in the South, remain good through September 30.

Meats, Fats—Brown stamp V and W good through February 26.

Processed Foods—Green stamps G, H, and J in Book Four are good through February 20. Green stamps K, L, and M are good through March 20.

Income Tax—Deadline for filing returns, March 15. Earlier filing is desirable.

To Determine Tax You Owe

As soon as wage earners get their wage and tax receipts from employers they should make out their annual income and victory tax returns to determine how much if any tax they must pay by March 15, the deadline for filing, the Treasury Department advises. Some wage earners will owe a substantial amount, many will owe a small figure, and others will get refunds.

Sets Maximum Vegetable Prices
To prevent sharp increases in fresh vegetable prices, the Office of Price

Administration has announced maximum prices for carrots, spinach, peas, snap beans, eggplant, peppers, and cucumbers. The action, effective at the country shipper level January 31, will become effective 15 days later at wholesale markets. Exact retail prices in each community will be announced by the regional and district OPA offices.

Canning Sugar Now Available
Housewives may now get five pounds of canning sugar by using stamp No. 40 in War Ration Book Four, OPA has announced, and additional canning sugar later will be available on application to local boards. Stamp No. 40 will be good 13 months, through February 28, 1945.

Farm Support Price Program

Average prices to egg producers ranging from a low of about 30 cents a dozen during the spring to a high of about 40 cents a dozen in late fall or early winter are planned by the War Food Administration in its price support program for carlot graded eggs for 1944. WFA also announced its proposal for support prices on other farm products, subject to Congressional action.

May Tighten Farm Deferments

To maintain their deferments from military service because of their agricultural activity, the 1,700,000 registrants engaged in agriculture may be asked to increase sharply their production goals, according to Commander Patrick H. Winston, assistant executive, Selective Service System. Approximately one million of these deferred men are non-fathers.

To Relocate Physicians, Dentists

Any municipality, county, or other local subdivision of government suffering from an acute shortage of physicians or dentists may now apply to the Surgeon General or the district office of the U. S. Public Health Service or through the state health officer requesting the relocation of a physician or dentist. The

Continued on Page Nineteen

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DAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1944

THE CHRONICLE

PAGE THIRTEEN

FROM BARBARA WORTH STABLES

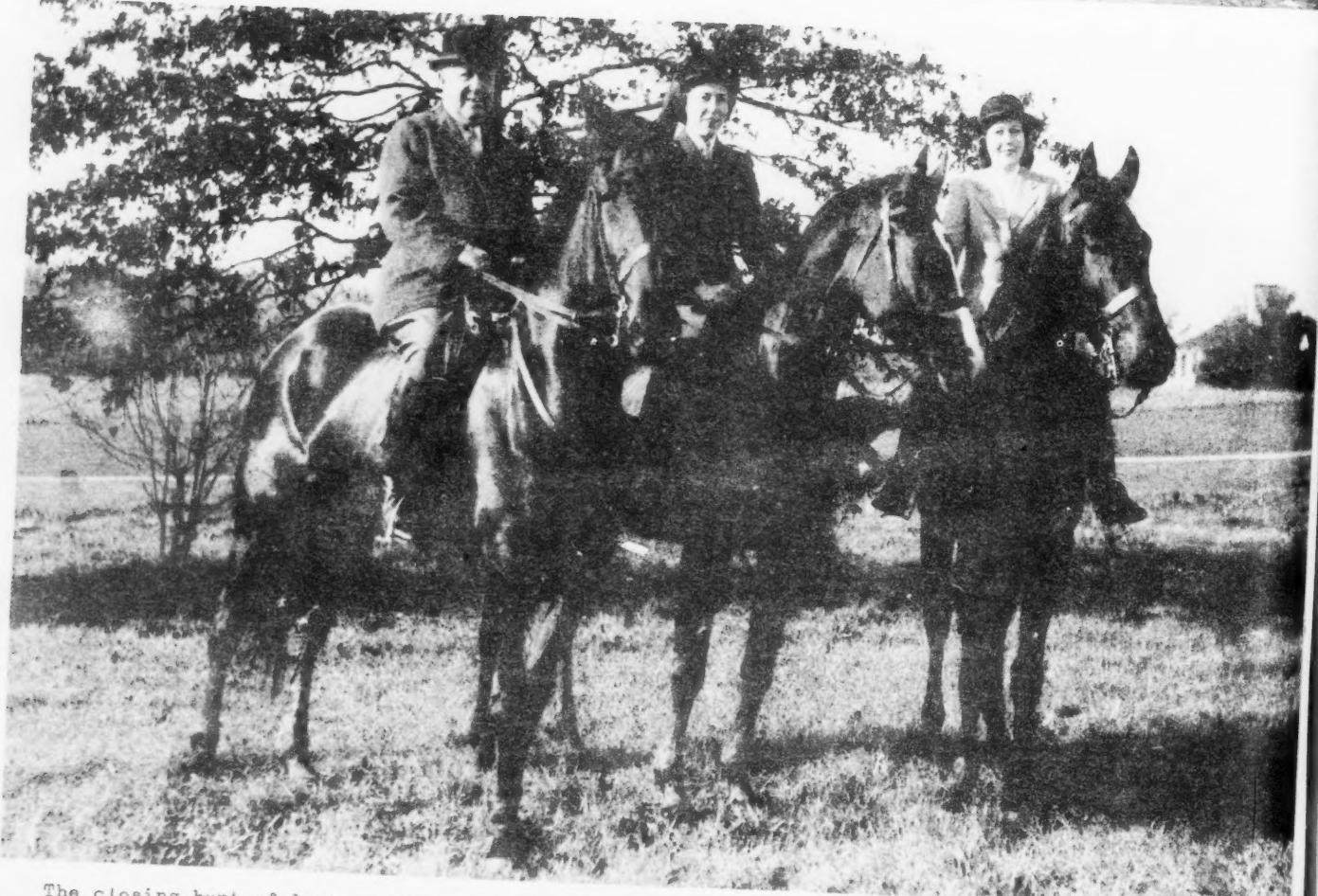


CHERE AMIE, by SALUD out of BRIDGE BUILDER, owned and ridden by Virginia Grant, is from the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento. A consistent winner throughout 1943 in both ring and cross country, CHERE AMIE was the winner of the Open Hunters at the recent Hunter Trials at the Barbara Worth Stables in January.



SABIK by SALUD out of CALIFORNIA NORA, owned and ridden by Adrianna Hale from the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento. Both horse and young rider will be something to watch during the coming horseshow season.

RADNOR OF PENNA. - SPRING VALLEY OF NEW JERSEY
(Klein)



The closing hunt of last year's season for The Radnor Hunt was held at the Hunt Club in White Horse, Penna. Pictured l. to r., Mrs. M. Roy Jackson, wife of the late M. F. H., M. Roy Jackson and Mr. Walter M. Stokes Jr., who acted as field master. The picture below shows Mr. Jansen Noyes with his two daughters, Mrs. Alfred Kingert C. Fairburn if M. F. H.

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Exterminator And Man O'War Still Big News Horses

As Much In Minds Of Sports Writers As Modern Day Racing Champions

Some years ago, a well-known sports writer polled fifty prominent trainers, owners and racing officials with the question, "Which were the twenty greatest American race horses?" The final list caused such a furore that the "hot stove" league stayed in session for over a year.

Recently, the Thoroughbred Racing Association sought a new slant—instead of the twenty greatest horses, they were desirous of finding out which of those who raced during the present century were still considered "news" by the sports writers throughout the country. The T. R. A. could have listed two hundred horses but they finally narrowed it to fifty and, from that number, asked that twenty be selected. The question of how the voting was to be conducted was the next problem and the conclusion was—"What better medium than the sports writers we are endeavoring to serve with vital data?" The Executive Secretary of the T. R. A. listed fifty horses of prominence and made just one request—"Please mark off, on the enclosed list, the twenty horses you believe are now foremost in news value." To get a true cross-section of opinion he selected, at random, sports writers in important cities which were not in racing areas; cities in Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa and other States.

Exactly fifty questionnaires were sent out and, in less than a week, 80 per cent of the sports writers replied and others are still coming. The results, to date, are surprising. Strange as it may seem, Man o'War and Exterminator—who raced a quarter of a century ago—are still as much in the minds of these writers as are the modern trio of champions, Whirlaway, Alsab and Count Fleet. All of these horses received a solid vote and, although they are no longer racing, so did Seabiscuit, War Admiral, Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand, Discovery and Omaha.

It is obvious that sports writers are just as interested in many of the horses who have long passed from the racing picture as they are in the modern-day champions. Probably no two have had so many stories written about them as Man o'War and Exterminator; they both received very high rating in this pool. Among the first twenty are Cavalcade, Reigh Count, Sun Beau, Blue Larkspur, the Australian "Wink of the Sky," Phar Lap, and the stallion *Blenheim II. The list is completed by the currently active Shut Out and Market Wise. The majority of these horses could be called "great" horses; every one of them can be listed as a horse still "news" in the minds of the sports writers throughout the country.

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Two Children

Continued from Page Two

loped on to Bincombe Heath, 8 couple came to his horn from the gorse beyond, where they were at fault. It is hard to describe what followed; for unless one knows Bincombe Heath well, it is difficult to visualize those forty acres of thick gorse and heather that grow on the hillside above the little village which nestles in the valley from which it takes its name. We saw that there were only 8 couple with us—4 1-2 couple lacking—and I knew that there was probably a fresh fox lurking somewhere nearby and, in fact, a fresh fox did break a few minutes later, and it was only with difficulty that hounds were stopped. "The leading hounds must be on," I said, "ten to one they have crossed the road into Cattistock country, I think Mr. Cake must be with them." The huntsman picked up his pack and we galloped across the Weymouth road and into the country I know so well, which lies above Upwey Wishing Well. Suddenly I heard a shout and looked to my left, I saw Mr. Childs on a grey horse holding his cap high in the air. Two or three low stone walls and we were up to him. "They're just over the hill," he said, "I heard 'em a minute ago; in the valley, down by the Wishing Well—there, you can hear 'em now." Hounds heard them too and raced to the cry while we galloped down the rough hillside to where, in the valley beneath Mr. Cake and the two Chapman children stood near a farm-yard, with the missing 4 1-2 couple. A farmer's wife, almost speechless with excitement, was pointing with her broom at the open door of a shed. "In there," she screamed, "the fox is in there; I saw him go in." The Huntsman leapt off his horse and cheered hounds into the open shed, and a few seconds later his "who-whoop" and the snarl of the hounds told us that all was over.

I turned to Mr. Cake. "Who was with you?" I asked. "What did you do?" "Well," he answered, "just as I got out on to the Bincombe Heath road I saw the leading 4 1-2 couple turn sharp right-handed into the Cattistock country. I tried to make you and Travess hear, but I couldn't; and I couldn't get to hounds to stop them; so I thought the best thing I could do was to stay with 'em. These two children"—he indicated Mr. Chapman's two little girls—"were with me and we had a grand ride, up over the nice stonewall country to Friar Waddon, where they swung left across the Portisham road and then came back along the ridge by the Wishing Well to where you heard us running. We had a grand hunt, just we three! Sorry you all missed it", (he didn't look a bit sorry)—nor did the two children, who had helped him pound the field; and I know I shouldn't have been sorry if I had been in their places).

The Field had come up by this time—among them a little girl of eight, who was having her first experience in the hunting field, and to her I gave a pad; while the two children who had gone so well had the mask and the brush. As we were riding home that night the youngest Chapman child, Dawn, said to me—"Master, that little girl on the white pony went awfully well. You only gave her a pad; do you think it would be nice if I gave her my mask?" "No," I answered, "you and Jean deserve the trophies I gave you. After all, you pounded the Field."

California Notes

By Tom Pilcher

Bay Meadows Race Track near San Francisco will conduct a 1944 Spring Meeting of 56 days opening March 18 and closing on June 3rd.

Those "in the know", predict that Hollywood Park Race Track will open sometime during the late summer.

The Beverly Hills Womens Emergency Corps headed by Col. Alice L. Cooper will hold an Equestrian Carnival on Sunday February 27th, all proceeds going to the funds of this worthy organization. This event will be staged at the Riviera Country Club, with Tom Pilcher as secretary.

The Riviera Country Club will hold its 11th Easter Equestrian

Parade on April 9th.

Alex Sysin is arranging to have Hunter Trials on February 28th over the new course at Flintridge.

Horse Shows will again get into swing in the Los Angeles area, this coming March, both the Riviera Club and the Victory Horse Show Association are planning events for March and April, dates will be announced later.

The famous Uplifters Polo Club of Santa Monica after two years of inactivity and financial troubles has been sold, and will be used to build homes, to take care of the ever increasing population.

Miss Frances Zucco has purchased the middle-weight Thoroughbred hunter Ibn Lare. He is considered a real prospect for show ring honors.

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Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

good as they sent not only—but a lot more.

For, year after year, he continued to lead the winning breeders, apparently having a mortgage upon the proud position until advanced age, failing health and necessary restriction of operations for those reasons, caused him to retire from the struggle.

Madden was a "rough diamond," a man with scanty education and little "learning" except what he had picked up in the school of experience. But he was a man of remarkable natural force and a thinker as well.

Few of his critics had devoted as much hard thinking and prolonged investigation and experiment, all at first hand, to "the breeding problem," as had he.

Few of them had his equipment, so many-sided and extensive—and none of them had his unique power of putting his beliefs and theories into words with a pungency and an axiomatic bite and sting that embedded them in the memory as if stamped there with a die.

He had his weaknesses, of course, and made his mistakes—but he also had the strength of the truly strong man in that when these mistakes had been demonstrated, he acknowledged that fact and abandoned his erroneous position.

Which is one of the hardest of all things to do, for a strong man like him.

One of these mistakes, which he not only recanted but foreswore with great public emphasis, was his adherence to the Bruce Lowe theory of the dominance of the female lines, of which Lowe's famous "Figure System" of breeding was the gospel.

Like most other breeders and breeding students, Madden was at first much taken with the Lowe theory and actively promoted it. But it did not take him long to find out that he was running down a blind alley. He then promptly acknowledged that he had been deceived and henceforth gave "the Figures" a wide berth.

Another theory that he took up, of a somewhat allied nature, was the one formulated by a British so-called "breeding expert", which was boiled down into the slogan:

"The Family is greater than the Individual!"

Like most slogans of that sort, this proved just empty words when put into practice, as he found to his cost.

One of his first exemplifications of the truth (?) of this slogan was the purchase, in England, of the stallion Sandringham, own brother of the far-famed trio of titans, Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee and Florzel II.

Sandringham was a failure as a race horse; he was a bad-tempered horse; and he was far from a perfect individual.

But, as "the family was greater than the individual," according to the slogan, Madden paid a big price for Sandringham and he was placed in the stud at Hamburg Place with blowing of trumpets and beating of drums.

Alas—he proved a gigantic failure as a sire. For seasons the best of the Madden mares were bred to him, also many others of Kentucky's best The results, speaking conservatively, were pitiable.

That cured Madden of his faith in the slogan—for good and all.*

It was also one reason for his formulating his axiom that your stallion

Black Badge

Continued from Page One

off to a good start early when he won the Hialeah Stakes on the second day of the Hialeah meeting. He has done more to warrant support than any other candidate although his effort in the Bahamas Handicap on January 29 at seven furlongs with a package of 130 lbs. will help clarify the situation somewhat.

E. K. Bryson's Director J. E., is in good training form at Hialeah, is yet to be seen under colors this winter. This colt has a lot in his favor, particularly for having been beaten only two noses by Platter and Royal Prince in the mile and a sixteenth of the Walden Stakes last November. Another thing, but rather intangible in racing form, which commands some attention in this colt's favor is the fact that his owner is reported to have turned down \$75,000 cash for him. And on the back stretches of most race tracks there aren't many horsemen that would turn down that much of the necessary wherewithal unless he had a real runner in his barn.

The rest of the early probables of the Flamingo are pretty well buncheted. H. E. Jacoby's recently acquired Good Bid probably stands even with River Divide Farm's Brief Sigh. If either or both of these colts continues to improve they may well threaten the ranking of Black Badge and Director J. E. And everything is so close it wouldn't take much to tip the scale in one's favor.

Bomar Stable of Detroit seems to have a better than ordinary Flamingo aspirant in the distance winner Hi Neighbor and A. C. Ernst, the Cleveland auditing tycoon, holds a strong hand in Alorter, a well-bred stakes winner of the 1943 northern season.

Stymie, the Hirsch Jacob's trained runner, might find the extended distance of the Flamingo more to his liking than the sprints he has been failing in recently over the Hialeah strip. This colt likes hard work and should show improvement.

Eternity from the stable of B. F. Lister, a disappointment in his first 1944 effort, can't be tossed out entirely on that and must be given more chance to round into the form he has indicated might be his. Col. Gustave Ring has a fashionably bred colt in Ringaway and he seems to run just as fashionably as a winner can when the "official sign" goes up after a race. This colt is by *Blenheim 2nd.

After this group comes a handful which must show more before they can be rated higher. They are A. W. Wentzel's Freezout, Woolford Farm's Cactus Foot, Edmar Farm's Edemee and Mrs. Sidney Zell's My All. But, just to be on the safe side in a sport which changes constantly, there may be a half dozen new names to be written about as Flamingo choices before the 15th of February rolls around.

That is just the kind of race the

is seventy-five per cent of your stud.

Sandringham had been bred to the best mares at Hamburg Place, without stint.

If they had possessed even a fraction of the capacity to produce that the advocates of the Female Dominance slogan contended, that capacity would have triumphed over his incapacity and would have made him a successful sire Instead, in the language of the street, he proved a "dud".

The moral seems too plain to require farther emphasis.

First Dinner

Continued from Page One

spending a few days in a London Hotel—and we had a good time talking over old days in the hunting fields on both sides of the water.

McNeill's letter told me that he was living down in Hertfordshire—breeding Springer Spaniels in his odd moments—for he is getting to be an old man now and doesn't ride to hounds any more. I wonder how many of the men who gathered round that table at that first dinner are alive today? Major Wadsworth, who carried on so many years at Genesee, has been gone these many years, and Mr. Mather of Brandywine fame, and dear old Henry Vaughan, and Redmond Stewart—one of the best beloved Masters who ever carried a horn, and John Valentine, and Frank Bonsal—to name two more men who were there that night. Some of the youngsters who sat at that table have carried on—Bryce Wing, and Watson Webb—while one of them—Plunket Stewart—is our honour President today, and I am almost willing to bet that when the day of the annual dinner comes round this year, Ned Carle will make perfect arrangements, as he has for more years than I care to remember.

I wish that "modern inventions", which I abominate as a rule, had reached such a pitch that it was possible for me to be present at this year's dinner, to see the men who are carrying on today and to hear the speeches—if any there are; but alas that is impossible, and I must wait until this terrible war is over, and foxhunting is again in full swing, before I can give myself that pleasure. Meanwhile—

"Remember, good old friend, that these gloomy days must end
And we'll drink our 'Vale Vulpes
once again."

Masters' Dinner

Continued from Page One

much always for the hound show and one of our best and most respected hound breeders, brought out clearly how the foxhunting fraternity is largely the source of, and thoroughly tied in with, all branches of horse sport.

Later, Mr. Stewart's plan of throwing the dinner open for anyone to speak, providing he called on someone else when he finished, worked for the enjoyment of all, bringing out much fun, some great poetry from the Master of Myopia, with quite clear instructions how to win races in the bushes!

Throughout the whole enjoyable evening ran a very definite note of deep appreciation of all that members, their sons and relatives and many hunt staff members are doing to help win this greatest of wars—and of the determinations of those left at home that they will carry on the hunting as best they can so that all can enjoy sport with horse and hound when comes the blessed day of peace.

Flamingo stacks up as in 1944 and apparently the same will hold true for the entire three-year-old division all though the season. Most horsemen don't believe there will be one particular stand-out in this division and all that makes for a most interesting season with plenty of action for all concerned.

BUY WAR BONDS!

Fox Hunting

Continued from Page One

of the Revolution dispersed most of the members of the club to the more serious work of hunting British soldier. Out of this sporting organization was formed the famous First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, nearly all of whom served in the memorable campaign of 1776-77.

After the war, the club was revived and carried on until 1818, when its existence ceased. Great sport was enjoyed during this post-war period and many outstanding runs were recorded. Quite the most remarkable person, which this period of the Gloucester Club has given us was "Old Jonas Cattell", who, for more than 20 years, figured as its guide and whipper-in. No matter how circuitous and how distant the chase, Jonas, always afoot, was on hand at every emergency before half of the riders made their appearance. He was past master in the art of hunting the fox, and read the country as an open book, but apart from that knowledge, which, of course, aided him in following, the pace he maintained and the endurance he showed was astonishing. The club members believed him equal to any test, and evidently with much reason. On one occasion, a wager was made that Jonas could deliver a letter to a town forty miles distant in one day, and return the next with an answer, which he did, despite heavy roads. Even though this fine old organization ceased to exist, the sporting spirit it had established and nurtured grew, and from then until now, fox hunting has grown in leaps and bounds not only in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, and New England, but throughout the United States.

It soon became apparent that if a group of individuals in each vicinity whether it be farmer or city folk, who wanted to hunt, should keep a pack of hounds, there would be so much confusion that no sport would be possible. Therefore, as additional hunts clubs from time to time have been organized, they have kept clear of territory already hunted. In 1907, in order to have a parent association, which would be the custodian of the boundaries of each territory, and in order that there might be some medium through which hunting organizations could apply for territory and submit complaints, the Masters of Foxhounds Association was formed. Eligible were all Masters and ex-Masters of recognized fox hunting clubs in the United States and Canada, who would each year elect a president, secretary and treasurer, and executive committee, consisting of five of their members. The members of the executive committee to serve for three years without power of re-election, when other members would serve under the same conditions. This provision was made because it was thought that the association could best serve its members by requiring that all masters serve their term, and thereby avoid what might be looked upon as autocratic power in the hands of a few men permanently. While the association meets but once a year, the executive committee has been called upon to give a great deal of consideration and thought to many problems, which come up from time to time for their attention. Today, the number of organized hunt clubs in the United States is 113, and the membership of the Masters of Foxhounds Association is 264. (These were 1939

Continued on Page Seventeen

FRIDAY

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Sgt. Wayne Smith's Impressions Of Aussie Horsemen

Letter To Major A. G. Foote Describes Activities In Australia

The following letter was written to A. G. Foote, Major, Air Corps, by Sergeant Wayne Smith. Wayne was very active before the war in showing his own stable of hunters and jumpers in the Illinois horse shows as well as the Illinois State Fair and National Horse Show at St. Louis, Missouri.—Editor.

Dear A. G.:

Thank you for your very interesting letter including the horse show results which you forwarded. You can't imagine how I enjoyed them. All of my family not in the Service are spending the war in California.

Although our outfit didn't spend much time in Australia, I did get time to visit some of the horsemen there. The Aussies have something on the ball where horses are concerned. They know nothing of five-gaited horses, but are interested in stock horses, hunters and jumpers, steeplechasers and runners. It was a relief to talk to people who had never even heard of a tall set or a rack. They do in rare cases train their horses to a fast walk similar to the Tennessee walking horse. They still race a few trotters and pacers in the southern part of Australia.

There did not appear to be any hunters or jumpers in the town where we were stationed, all runners. Everyone in Australia seems to be a horse enthusiast. War or no war everyone stops and goes to the race every Saturday afternoon. Stories close and race results are radioed even to the front line. I have seen bookmakers operating in slit trenches. The first thing I noticed after arriving at the Port was a very large finely turned out Clydesdale hitched to a cargo cart. It was newly painted and shined up like one of our show buggies. The harness was shined until you could see yourself in it. It was owned by the City Street Department. Later I saw many horses hitched to all types and kinds of carts. The bakeries, laundries and hucksters and almost every kind of delivery used horse drawn carts. Very seldom a wagon was used. There were many light road carts being used by shoppers for family transportation. Petrol is unobtainable. A few cars and lorries are using gas generators.

I went to the races the first Saturday I was there. Usually they race on turf but since the Yanks have taken over their good track they have to use the only one left which is sand. They grow a turf there about a foot thick. You can run seven or eight races on it, roll it and you can hardly tell it has been used. The program was very much the same as our racing programs except of course the weights read eight stone ten pounds, etc., which means 122 pounds. They really put the weight on their horses here. I did not know how much a stone was so I looked around for the best looking unescorted girl and asked her about it. She took great pains to explain the weights. She told me about the winner of one of their races the week before who had carried 174 pounds. I was dumbfounded, but that wasn't the only surprise I had that day.

When the horses were brought out of the paddock they were all as quiet and well mannered as American saddle horses. They all appeared to be over sixteen hands and conformation perfect. Their saddles are large, about the size of our exercise saddles and there wasn't one fancy bitting contraption in the bunch.

The horses were paraded just as on the American tracks. When they walked out they were as well mannered as a lady's hunter. Handlers were not allowed on the track. When the jockeys started warming up their horses you would have thought it a hunter hack class. They canter at a slow easy gait and trot like roadsters under saddle. There wasn't a bandage on the track, only a couple of interference boots, no bowed tendons or blemishes of any kind. Truly I had just about made up my mind that this was some kind of amateur affair. The sand was loose, the horses sank in up to their fetlocks and were preparing to run the wrong way on the track. The barrier was a tape the same as we see at the county fairs. The horses lined up about 200 feet behind the tape in a perfect line, not a horse out of place. They started walking slowly toward the tape. Every horse was perfectly calm. They walked about 50 feet behind the tape in the most perfect start I had ever seen. There was no bumping or jostling around. It was a half mile track. When they passed the grandstand the first time there was less than six lengths separating the first and last horse. They went around the turn holding their positions. The race really started in the back stretch. Although a few of the jockeys had gone to their whips they were hand riding for all they were worth. The lead changed going into the last turn and changed again as they came out. Just as they came into the stretch four horses were abreast. The winner won by a short neck. There was less than a length between the second and third place.

I was so excited by the way the race was run that I completely forgot which horse I had bet on. I later found out that he had come in fourth. It was one of the grandest races that I have ever seen. As soon as the horses crossed the finish line they came to an immediate almost abrupt stop. The winning horse approached the judges' stand at a flat walk. Not being a race horse man I know very little about what should be fast or slow time for the mile and 56 yards which they ran, but an American standing next to me said that the time was unusually fast and better than our average race for that distance, considering the weight the horses were carrying and the footing. I concluded that they knew something that we don't know about training horses in spite of my earlier impression of the fat soft appearance of the horses. I followed the horses back to the paddock. Most of them were hardly wet at all, only the spot under the saddle was wet on all of them. They were as calm and docile as a plough horse. The boys walked the horses and then turned a garden hose on them to wash the mud and sweat off. After cooling them off by walking and rubbing out, the racing plates were removed and ordinary smooth plates put on. Then the boys mounted the horses and rode them home through city traffic. All the horse owners appear to live in ordinary houses near the track and have their stables in the back yard. They keep these working plates on until the next Saturday when they ride their horses back to the track.

Fox Hunting

Continued from Page Sixteen

figures). In order to make definite the authority of this association when discipline is needed, an agreement exists between the Masters of Foxhounds Association, the Horse Show Associations of America, and the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, by which, in the event of any member of an organization being disciplined, he is automatically punished by the other two. This, therefore, means that an offender so disciplined will have the privilege denied him of fox hunting with any recognized hunt in America, showing horses at any recognized horse show in America, or racing at any recognized race meet in America. It is interesting to note that this power has hardly ever been exercised.

It must be remembered also that fox hunting has now become a very

change shoes and race again.

If anyone told me this story I would not believe it. Honestly that is just the way it happened and starting that day, every time I meet an Aussie horseman I step aside and make a very reverent bow.

Later on I visited some of the horse owners and trainers. They explained their training methods and told me a great deal which I won't forget. They hack their horses every day riding them down roads, across fields and almost everywhere you can imagine. They have a theory that a horse needs all that to stand up in a race and of course probably explains their cool headedness. When I told them about training methods used on runners in this country they were as much surprised as I was at their methods. If I ever get a furlough while I am here I am going back down to Australia and get all the dope how they train their hunters and jumpers. I have an idea that I can make it pretty tough for you Major if we ever get back to the southern Illinois shows and the St. Louis National, etc. I was glad to read that Virginia Gear has been announcing the Southern Illinois shows. I always thought she had an ideal voice for it and her power of expression should make her a wow. Hope that she isn't lured into radio. Guess we all appreciate her plug about the missing horsemen. I would give my right arm to be at the Herrin show. This is the second season I have missed. I have just returned from combat zone. The whole thing would not be so bad if you could jump a horse just occasionally.

What has happened to John Dale. What did Van Austin show? Is Dr. McKinley still riding? I talked to Tommy Tomlinson on the phone while I was in Australia. He is a Lt.-Col. now and doing a job. I did not get to see him so broke down and sold the bottle of scotch that I had kept for four months to bring to him. My Commanding Officer tried to get it every day and it finally got so I had to stand over it with my Tommy gun day and night. I admit I sold it too cheap but we had had a couple of tough nights in fox holes and my big heart just got the best of me so I let it go for \$85.00. I haven't seen a single person from near home since I came overseas. It certainly would be nice to sit in Nicks and rehash why Easy Patrick and Henry Star got their hind ticks as we use to. I feel sure we will all be home again before we are too old to ride.

Very truly,
/s/ Wayne Smith.

Southwest Pacific,
Sunday, November 21.

vital economic factor in community life. A few years ago, the Washington Times compiled some very interesting data on the benefits which Virginia was receiving from fox hunting. There were found to be 142 landowners in Loudoun and Fauquier Counties, with a total area of more than 103,000 acres, which was assessed at more than \$2,800,000. All of these landowners had a vital interest in fox hunting, and readily admitted without question that fox hunting is the most productive industry in the two counties; that land values in Loudoun and Fauquier Counties had been greatly increased by fox hunting activities. Furthermore, it went on to show that the sport gives employment to thousands and many thousands. The survey indicated that the amount paid annually by hunting people in the two counties mentioned reached the total of \$633,940. This sum, of course, did not include what properly may be termed dependent occupations—that is occupations which are created by virtue of the fact that hunting people employ men and women who, in turn, employ others.

It is not necessary to go further into details, to prove that what has been shown to exist in Virginia is similar to conditions in our community of Chester and Delaware Counties, Pennsylvania, as well as in other states.

The above pertains to the material benefits of fox hunting, but no history on the sport can omit laying emphasis on the health giving benefits which are derived from being in the open air and following a fine pack of hounds. Sportsmen who have excelled in each branch of sport have written much of the advantages of the particular branch of sport to which they were attached, but it seems generally accepted by all that the words of Whyte Melville are true and accurate when he says: "I have lived my life; I am nearly through."

I have played the game all around; But I freely admit that most of my fun
I owe to horse and hounds." —0—

Paul Torek Buying Virginia Hunters

Paul Torek of Essex Falls, N. J. accompanied by Mr. Way of New York on a recent trip to Virginia purchased from J. North Fletcher, in Warrenton, a top show prospect in a chestnut 2-year-old with white markings by Epithet out of Miss Lucky, by Pennant. Mr. Torek plans to leave this colt in Virginia to be shown in the 2-year-old classes this season.

For himself and for his son, Albert, to show in hunter as well as horsemanship classes, Mr. Torek bought a made horse, Fitz Lee, from North, also. Fitz Lee, by Fitz Rae, was formerly owned and very successfully shown by Louise Finch of Rumson, New Jersey.

Mr. Torek has found, off the track, another show prospect, for his son. A brown 5-year-old colt, Highlander, by Carlaris out of Diana, which they also plan to show this year.

Young Albert Torek was very successful in horsemanship and equitation classes around New York and New Jersey last year and with these new purchases should be a great addition to the show game.

—0—
BUY WAR BONDS!

Red Pollard Back After Nearly Two Years Of Absence

Famous Seabiscuit Jockey Making His Comeback At Hialeah Park

There exists an open season on "comebacks" at Hialeah Park these days particularly among the jockeys, some of whom have been away from the racing wars for years and are anxious to once again set sail for the gold and glory reserved for those with a talent for booting home winners.

For well nigh two years now the name of John (Red) Pollard has been missing from the jockey board and to the fans who knew him when, Red, seemed to have gone the legendary Arabs one better by not bothering to fold his tent as he silently stole away.

If you are a racing fan, you surely must have remembered Red Pollard the lad who rode Charles S. Howard's mighty Seabiscuit to many great stake victories including the \$100,000 Santa Anita Handicap back in 1940.

Red, was a great race rider in those days and you can take the word of boys like Johnny Longden and George Woolf whose lot it was to compete against him for the big pots run on the Pacific Coast.

According to Pollard, Seabiscuit was the greatest horse he ever rode and in the sorrel-top's opinion he still believes Count Fleet would have had his hands full weight for age with the Biscuit over a distance of ground. "I ain't saying that Seabiscuit could have beaten Count Fleet," said Red shyly, "but all I know is, if the Count was ever in that same Santa Anita Handicap back in '40 with us he'd have known he was in a horse race."

Johnny Pollard is not a lad given to "shootin' off his mouth" as the boys in the jockey room would say. He is a tall, slender lad who seldom if ever has anything to say and boys who have ridden with him admit he is the grandest guy to ever take a leg up on a man's horse.

Shortly after winning the rich Santa Anita, Red made a trip East on sort of a vacation because he had a nice bank account and felt he just needed a rest. While on this pleasure jaunt he happened over to Suffolk Downs race track one morning to renew some old acquaintances.

A gypsy horseman whom Red knew in the old days when he was an apprentice trying to get started ambled over to greet him and in the same breath mentioned the fact that he had a real rough horse but couldn't find an exercise boy game or crazy enough to work him.

"Here hold my coat," said Red, "I'll breeze him for you but remember instead of the customary practice boy's fee you can take me to breakfast." Pollard's grateful friend answered, "That's a deal," and threw Red into the saddle.

But Pollard never kept that breakfast date. Lady Luck the same winsome but elusive sprite who rode with Red and Seabiscuit on the memorable afternoon back at Santa Anita deserted the jock that morning at Suffolk Downs.

As soon as Red had gone a sixteenth of a mile he knew why the exercise boys around Suffolk Downs

Tuckahoe, Formerly Of Maryland, Dies At Handley, Texas

By Bud Burmester

Tuckahoe, by *Sir Greysteel, out of Shireoaks by *Volta, was found dead in her paddock last week. The ill fated mare, recently acquired by R. S. Caldwell, Handley, Tex., breeder, from C. R. Miller, Crescent Oaks Ranch, Denton, who, in turn, had purchased the brood mare from Adolph Pons, Maryland breeder, had previously slipped a foal by Hadagai, and the after effects of this mishap were deemed responsible for her death. No insurance was carried, it was announced by Caldwell, who was in New Orleans last week.

Tuckahoe's death revealed a strange coincidence. Humphrey S. Finney, secretary of the Maryland Horse Breeders Association, and now connected with the United States Treasury's procurement bureau, was in Texas in connection with his current duties, and knowing that Tuckahoe, which he at one time owned, was in the Lone Star State, expressed a desire to visit the grey mare. On arriving at Caldwell's place in Handley, he was notified the mare had died some two days previously.

Finney expressed sorrow at the untimely demise of Tuckahoe. "She was a grand mare and would have done well here" he commented. Finney is chiefly concerned now with selling the vast quantity of horses acquired by the United States Government to serve as mounts for the mounted Coast Guardsmen. Several thousands are to be disposed of in this area, and the next big sale of consequence is scheduled for Fort Reno, Okla., midway in February.

wanted no part of his friend's horse. This was a real goof possessed of the strange idea he could stand on his head while running hell bent for the outside fence.

As strong a boy as Pollard was that morning, he couldn't stop this horse from doing a "wing ding" over the outer-rail and to this day Red swears he remembers nothing after breaking the horse off.

For many months the broken figure that was Jockey Red Pollard lay motionless in a New England hospital. Operation after operation cost him every penny he had in the world. "I must have had somebody's prayers," said Red at Hialeah yesterday, "because I'm all right again and I'm going back to riding."

Former Jockey Harvey Elston an old pal of Red's will make his engagements and in about a week or 10 days the name of J. Pollard will once again appear on a racing program after a lapse of some two years.

Pollard is out at Hialeah Park galloping horses every morning and at this writing weighs 110 pounds and is amazed himself at his remarkable physical condition. He plans to ride out the Hialeah meeting as a free lance jockey and then head North for further competition in the Spring.

"You know," continued Red, "I sure like the idea of attempting a comeback at Hialeah because it is my favorite race track. I've been a jockey for 17 years and in that time I have ridden at practically every major race track in the country. Yes, Belmont Park and Santa Anita are pretty race tracks but in my honest opinion Hialeah is the most beautiful race course in these United States. I hope I can win a couple of the celebrated stakes here."

The large infield lakes were excavated to a much greater depth so as to form an integral part of the new drainage and reservoir system. They now honeycomb the entire Washington Park property in a way to draw off surplus water from every foot of ground. Some empty into the

Big Improvements Have Been Made At Washington Park

New Foundation For Track And Adequate Drainage System Installed

The Washington Park race track will go into the 1944 season with four major improvements designed to make it one of the finest American race courses.

Benjamin F. Lindheimer, executive director of both Arlington Park and Washington Park, stated today that the project includes a new foundation for the racing strip and a new and adequate drainage system for the entire property, including race track, stable area and parking lots.

In 1943, the heaviest rains in ninety years fell during Chicago's racing season. As soon as the gates had closed on the Washington Park meeting last September, John D. Jackson, General Manager, went to work on this project. He employed engineers to design and construct the new drainage system with sufficient capacity to cope with any future unseasonable weather conditions.

The following are the four major improvements:

(1) The foundation of the main track was rebuilt to a depth of several feet with solidly packed clay stretching half way across the running strip—the section which takes the heaviest pounding. To this was added a thick layer of black dirt. Then the original well seasoned cushion was raked back into position.

Thus Washington Park, which has been known for years as one of the safest and finest racing strips in the country, will have the same surface that horsemen have liked so well. The racing strip will have as firm a foundation as engineering ingenuity can establish.

(2) A new drainage system has been installed to serve every section of the plant from the most remote barn beyond the backstretch to the parking lots before the clubhouse and grandstand. Every gallon of surplus rainwater that falls anywhere on the property will be diverted, routed and pumped to the main drainage district. This will eliminate the accumulation of water on the race track, in the stable area and on the parking lots.

(3) The entire stable area has been graded to such perfection that not a hump or a hollow remains. The slope and drainage of the ground between the barns was calculated with the same care as that of the main track. Owners, trainers and grooms will be able to move freely throughout the backstretch and stable area in firm footing even if exceptionally rainy conditions should develop during the summer.

(4) The barns have been remodeled so as to provide large and more comfortable tack rooms. All the tack rooms in the entire stable area will be completely screened.

The large infield lakes were excavated to a much greater depth so as to form an integral part of the new drainage and reservoir system. They now honeycomb the entire Washington Park property in a way to draw off surplus water from every foot of ground. Some empty into the

Home From A Hunt Under Difficulties

As a boy I spent practically every summer in Iowa with my old friend Charlie Perkins whose loss we have mourned within a year.

Charlie had a foxhunting friend, Ed Johnson in West Burlington and in late August and early September we often went out with Ed and his hounds. The pack we hunted with were descended from hounds his father brought with him when he migrated from Virginia bringing Thoroughbred horses and hounds.

He had a strain of black ring-necks, often with a white tip on the tail, that were very good and attractive to look at. When the old man first settled in West Burlington, it was a tiny village on the edge of the rolling prairie and more often than not when hounds found, it was a wolf—not fox or coyote—but the grey wolf. Hounds were let run pretty much as they pleased around the place, hunting when they wanted to.

On Sunday morning about day-break, Mr. Johnson was awakened by hearing his hounds drawing hard and coming his way. Time seemed short. He jumped up in his night shirt and ran barefooted out by the farm. What a sight greeted him! A good sized wolf running hard pressed with the pack about 50 yards behind and running by sight. It looked a sure thing they'd catch him in the next field.

The old man ran out across the stubble tight as he could go, only to find hounds reaching for the wolf going into the next field. This hopeful performance was repeated until hounds got their quarry in the 3rd or 4th field.

It was glorious, but here was the Master in a tough plight—a mile and a half from home in his night shirt, no shoes and by this time his feet so cut and sore it was agony to stand.

Finally, by crawling and resting he got to the one street of the town just as the faithful were going to church! After the stubble, the boardwalk down that street was a blessing but embarrassing.

As he met each group of the church-goers, he'd sit down on the edge of the walk, pull his nightshirt down and lay the wolf across his lap. Home never looked better than it did that Sunday morning—J. P. B.

lakes, others lead directly to the drainage outlet which is capable of carrying one hundred thousand gallons per hour to the main system. The greatly deepened lakes, which will constitute a reservoir of four million two hundred thousand gallons, will be kept at a constant level by a multiplicity of inlets and outlets.

"This enterprise is one of a series of steps which Washington Park has taken in the past and will continue to take in the future with the purpose of providing the finest possible conditions for both horsemen and spectators," Mr. Lindheimer said.

"The standards of racing during the Arlington Park and Washington Park meetings are the equal of any to be found in America. It is also our aim to provide equally excellent operating conditions for the horsemen. Their cooperation assures the continuation of our constant efforts to present to Chicago the finest in racing."

Buy WAR BONDS

The
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B-Feb 10, 1944
Mexico C

B-Feb. 23, 1944
Racing A
days. STA

LAKE PROV

Fri. Feb. 4
NATCHITOCHES

Sat. Feb. 5
CRALMNETTE

old. Tues. F

THE PONTA
illes. Tues. FAIR GROU

ml. & up.
GENTILLY 'C

LOUISIANA
old. Sat. FA

LECOMPTON
Tues. Feb. 14
PRIORITIES
miles & more
FAIR GROUP

old. Tues. THE NEW ORLEANS

Sat. Feb. 18
THE ST. CHARLES
side. Mon. FA

MARDI GRAS

Feb. 22
WASHINGTON
ml. 3-yr.-olds

-Caliente, TI

CORONADO
Feb. 6
SPORTS 'CAP.

NOCHEZUMA
Feb. 27
AZTEC 'CAP.

CALENTE DI

March 19
MUCHACHO

March 26
CALIENTE 'C

March 14
Hialeah, FL

MIAMI BEACH
1-yr.-olds. Sat.

BLACK HELENA
& mares. Sat.

THE MCLENNAN

Feb. 19
EVENING 'CAP

mares. Tues. THE FLAMINGO

Feb. 23
THE WIDENER

March 4
HIALEAH JUNIOR

old. Sat. Mar

April 1—Oakla

ark. 30 da

May 15—Sports

Club, Cicero

July 22—Suffolk

days.

old. Sat. July 1
THE COMMONWEALTH

ml. Sat., N

THE GOVERNOR

up. Sat., May 27
THE TOMASELLO

6 & up. Tu

THE PAUL REVERE

3 & up. Sat., Ju

THE PLYMOUTH

3 & up. Sat., Ju

THE BUNKER HILL

old colts & geld

THE HANNAN

ml. 3 & up, filli

THE MASSACHUSETTS

1 & up. Wed., Ju

THE MAYFLOWER

June 17—Lincol

Crete, Ill. 28

Aug. 3—Arlington

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Sept. 17—Hawthor

Racing Assn.,

Inc.

Nov. 4—Sportsm

Club, Cicero.

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Third in series

bars Worth S

Finals in series

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The Sporting Calendar

Racing

OCTOBER

■ April 10, 1944—Hippodrome de las Americas, Mexico City, Mexico.

NOVEMBER

■ Feb. 22, 1944—Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Ass'n., Inc., New Orleans, La. \$5 days.

STAKES AND FEATURES

LAKE PROVIDENCE 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 4 \$3,000 Added

NATCHITOCHES 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added

CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 8 \$3,500 Added

THE PONTALBE (Alc's), 1 1/2 mi., 2-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 8 \$2,500 Added

FAIR GROUNDS CLAIMING STAKES, 1 1-16 mi., 4 & up, Wed., Feb. 10 \$2,500 Added

GENTILLY 'CAP, 6 f., 4 & up, Fri., Feb. 11 \$3,000 Added

LOUISIANA DERBY (Alc's), 1 1/2 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 12 \$15,000 Added

LECOMPT 'CAP, 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 15 \$3,000 Added

PRIDE 'CAP, 1 mi. & 70 yds., 3 & up, miles & squares, Wed., Feb. 16 \$5,000 Added

FAIR GROUNDS DINNER STAKES, 1 1/2 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Thurs., Feb. 17 \$2,500 Added

NEW ORLEANS 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 18 \$2,500 Added

THE ST. CHARLES (Alc's), 1 1/2 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Mon., Feb. 21 \$2,500 Added

MARDI GRAS 'CAP, 8 1/2 f., 3 & up, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,000 Added

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., Feb. 22 \$3,500 Added

DECEMBER

■ Caliente, Tijuana, Mexico.

STAKES

CORONADO 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 6 \$1,500 Added

SPEED 'CAP, 8 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 20 \$3,000 Added

MOCZUMA 'CAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 27 \$1,500 Added

AZTEC 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., March 3 \$3,000 Added

CALIENTE DERBY, 1 1-16 mi., Sat., March 10 \$3,000 Added

MUCHACHO PURSE, 4 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 19 \$1,500 Added

CALIENTE 'CAP, 1 1/2 mi., 3 & up, Sat., March 26 \$10,000 Added

JANUARY

■ March 14—The Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Hialeah, Fla.

MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., (on turf), 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 5 \$5,000 Added

BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 1 1/2 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Feb. 12 \$5,000 Added

THE MCLENNAN, 1 1/2 mi., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 19 \$7,500 Added

EVENING 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Tues., Feb. 22 \$5,000 Added

THE FLAMINGO, 1 1/2 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 26 \$15,000 Added

THE WIDENER, 1 1/2 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$25,000 Added

HAILEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., March 4 \$5,000 Added

FEBRUARY

■ April 1—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH

■ April 8—Gables Racing Ass'n., Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla.

■ June 3—Spring Meeting, Bay Meadows Race Track, near San Francisco, Calif. 56 days.

APRIL

■ May 18—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 14 days.

MAY

■ July 22—Suffolk Downs, Boston, Mass. 60 days.

STAKES

olds, Sat., July 22 \$25,000 Added

THE COMMONWEALTH HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 20 \$5,000 Added

THE GOVERNOR'S HANDICAP, 1 mi., 3 & up, Sat., May 27 \$5,000 Added

THE TOMASELLO MEMORIAL HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., May 30 \$5,000 Added

THE PAUL REVERE HANDICAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., June 3 \$5,000 Added

THE YANKEE HANDICAP, 1 3-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., July 4 \$25,000 Added

THE MILES STANDISH STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Sat., July 8 \$10,000 Added

THE HANNAH DUSTIN HANDICAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., July 15 \$10,000 Added

THE MASSACHUSETTS HANDICAP, 1 1/2 mi., 1 & up, Wed., July 19 \$50,000 Added

THE MAYFLOWER STAKES, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Aug. 2 \$10,000 Added

■ June 11—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 29 days.

JUNE

■ Aug. 3—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 40 days.

AUGUST

■ Sept. 7—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 30 days.

SEPTEMBER

■ Oct. 17—Hawthorne Chicago Business Men's Racing Ass'n., Cicero, Ill. 34 days.

OCTOBER

■ Nov. 4—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 30 days.

Hunter Trials

MARCH

Third in series of Hunter Trials at Barbara Worth Stables, Sacramento, Calif.

Finals in series of Hunter Trials at Barbara Worth Stables, Sacramento, Calif.

MAY

Finals in series of Hunter Trials at Barbara Worth Stables, Sacramento, Calif.

Horse Shows

APRIL

■ 2nd Annual San Angelo Colt Show, San Angelo, Texas.

MAY

21—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, N. Y.

21—Western Massachusetts Horse Show Ass'n., Springfield, Mass.

27-28—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.

27-28—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

29—Vassar Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

JUNE

3-4—Watchung Riding & Driving Club Horse Show, Watchung, N. J.

8-10—Sedgefield Horse Show, Inc., Sedgefield, N. C.

14-15—Charles Town Horse Show Ass'n., Inc., Charles Town, W. Va.

16—Country Club of Rye Horse Show, Rye, N. Y.

17-18—Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Tarrytown, N. Y.

24-25—Or Ridge Hunt Club, Inc., Darien, Conn.

24 or 25—Longmeadow Junior Horse Show, Longmeadow, Mass.

24-25—Three Oaks Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.

Tecumseh & Kiwanis Clubs Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y. (Date to be announced later.)

JULY

1-2 or Sept. 9-10—Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show, Westport, Conn.

4-5—Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.

13-15—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson, N. J.

AUGUST

12-Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.

24-25—Clarke County Horse and Colt Show, Berryville, Va.

26-Bath County Horse Show, Inc., Hot Springs, Va.

28-Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show, Keswick, Va.

SEPTEMBER

2-4—Warrenton Horse Show Ass'n., Warrenton, Va.

4-Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.

4-Pioneer Valley Horse Ass'n., Athol, Mass.

8-10—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Md.

10-Helping Hand Horse Show, Long Island, N. Y.

14-16 or 23-28—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.

15-16—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show, Charlottesville, Va.

16-17—Vernon Agricultural Society Horse Show, Vernon, N. Y.

21-23—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y.

23-24—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

Ration Points

Continued from Page Twelve

Public Health Service agrees to pay moving costs and to pay the relocated doctor \$250 a month for the first three months. The doctor agrees to practice in the community for not less than one year, and the community agrees to contribute one-fourth of the Government's cost to the Public Health Service.

Help for Truck Owners

Owners of farm trucks and other truck operators are requested by the Office of Defense Transportation to cooperate in a reporting system which the ODT has established to help truck and bus operators with their tire-procurement problems. Any operator eligible for tires but unable to obtain a tire certificate from his local rationing board because of ex-

hausted quotas or other reasons, is asked to report that fact to his ODT district office, stating the reason given by the board for the denial of the certificate. This information will enable the ODT to determine the kind of action to be taken, if assistance is warranted.

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SAM WOOLDRIDGE, Editor

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Saddle and Bridle, M.,	4.00
Thoroughbred (Horse) Record, w.	4.00
Rider & Driver, m., horse—sport—pleasure.	3.50
Bit & Spur, m., (horse)	1.50
Spokesman & Harness World, m.	1.00
Iowa Horseman, m.	2.00
Palomino Horses, m.	1.50
NRA Round Up, (rodeos), M.,	.50
The Cavalry Journal, military	3.00
Horsemen's News, m., (Horsemen's Ben. & Prot. Assn.)	1.00

LIVESTOCK

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American Cattle Producer	1.00
Florida Cattleman	.50
National Live Stock Producer	1.00
Texas Live Stock Journal	1.00
Pacific Stockman, M.,	1.00
The Sheepman	1.00
New Mexico Stockman	1.00
Arizona Stockman, m.	1.50
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Gleanings in Bee Culture, per year.	\$1.00
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American Bee Journal	1.00

FARMING

American Farm Youth	.75
Fletcher's Farming	.50

GOATS

American Dairy Goat News	\$1.00
Goat World, (6 months \$1)	2.00

PIGEONS

American Pigeon Journal, squab-fancy	\$1.50
Pigeon News, fancy only	1.50

POULTRY

Cackle & Crow, The Poultrypaper	\$1.00

<tbl

In The Country:-



Back Home

Former Master Earl N. Phillips of Sedgefield Hunt, after being released just before Christmas from the hospital, found that a ligament was pulled in his shoulder and spent ten days at Charlotte Memorial Hospital for another operation to take care of the shoulder trouble. He is now home with his arm strapped to his side, but otherwise is feeling good and the doctors say he will be as good as new when this shoulder completely heals, which will be in the very near future.

Overseas

Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. H. Smith, son of Middleburg's Mayor, Courtland H. Smith, has left for overseas duty. Lt.-Col. Smith has been on duty at Camp Lee, Virginia for two years.

Hunt Breakfast

A good run and a hunt breakfast at the Embassy Club was the order of the day for the Sedgefield Hunt on January 22. Joint-Master T. V. Rochelle and Mrs. Rochelle, Charles Kearns, secretary and Mrs. Kearns entertained the field at the club. The appearance of Earl L. Phillips, Joint-Master, was the highlight of the breakfast as Mr. Phillips recently returned from the hospital. Acting Joint-Master Mrs. Willis Slane was out with the field until 11:30 when she was forced to pull out because of some of the pre-nuptial arrangements for the wedding of her son, Lieut. Willis H. Slane, Jr. and Doris Stroupe. However, 22 were on hand for the breakfast.

Join Barbara Worth

Betty Jean and Patty Lassen, two youngsters who during the past two years have fast been making their name in the horseshow world, are leaving the San Mateo Gymkhana Club to join the Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento, Cal. Early in November they moved their hunters, Sandy George, Sierra Sun and Onyx to Barbara's, and since then have been literally commuting over every week-end and vacation. With spring coming on apace, it seemed like lots more fun just to move entirely, where they can do all their riding under the supervision of Barbara Zimmerman. Already their few winter horseshow appearances have

shown great strides, and this summer should show very decided progress in their favorite sport.

A True And Sporting Yarn

Henry Bull told us that the first Liverpool built at the United Hunts Course, across the road from Belmont, was really a formidable thing to ride at. As a field of 10 or 12 horses came to the fence, Henry found himself right alongside Brose Clark, horses striding like a team. Both took off well and made fine jumps. As they were in the air, Brose said, "Henry, do you think I could get a room tonight at the Turf and Field Club?"

Spring Maiden 'Chases

Entry blanks are out from the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association for the Spring Maiden Steeplechases to be run at Pimlico, Belmont Park and Delaware Park. In the event that the Delaware Park meeting is not run in 1944, the 3rd race in this series will be run at Aqueduct. The steeplechases are for 4-year-olds and upward, non-winners over brush at the time of closing and subscriptions close March 20, 1944 and horses are to be named on or before April 15, 1944. The Spring Maiden Steeplechase Committee is headed by F. Ambrose Clark, chairman, A. C. Bostwick, Morris H. Dixon and Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

Oglebay Registers Three 2-Year-Olds

The well-known figure in the horse world, Crispin Oglebay of Gates Mills, Ohio, carries on his activities in Thoroughbred breeding and has recently registered three 2-year-olds with The Jockey Club. They are:

Black Knight, bay colt by *Sir Gallahad III—*Sans Lumiere*.

Cold Shower, bay filly by *Cold Stream*—*Boursecamp*.

Price Level, black filly by *Sickle—*Anchors Ahead*.

Dr. J. P. Jones, Charlottesville, Virginia, has charge of the above 2-year-olds in training as well as the following:

True Blue, 4-year-old brown colt by *Blue Larkspur*—*Anchors Ahead*.

Spirit Level, 3-year-old bay filly by *Ariel*—*Huette*.

Boy Knight, 3-year-old bay colt by *Sir Gallahad III—*Heloise*, top-priced yearling at the 1942 yearling sales.

Mr. Oglebay has 5 of his broodmares at H. B. Scott's Shandon Farms, Lexington, Kentucky. Heading the list is **Level Best**, chestnut by *Equinoise*—*Speed Boat*, in foal to *Sir Gallahad III and will be bred back this year to *Bull Dog, by *Teddy—*Plucky Liege*. Anchors Ahead.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Four

The son of Earle Stephens who lives in Ligonier was shot out of the sky over Europe and landed in the same prison camp as Lenny Bughman, a few huts away.

To those of us in the service, the news relating to service men has in general been rather sketchy. Possibly this is due to the fact that you have made no point of requesting information concerning them.

Very truly yours,
George J. Kastlin,
Lt. Colonel, M. C.,
Chief, Medical Service.

(Some weeks ago a request was placed in The Chronicle for news of the men here and overseas. The above letter may inspire some of our readers to take up pen and paper, (or try a little two-finger typing), and send along some notes.—Editor)

Read By All

To The Editor:

Have recently been sent to a new post for about three months and should appreciate it if you would send The Chronicle to my new address.

I imagine you people realize how much pleasure your paper brings to us fellows interested in horses, especially hunters and jumpers, that are in the service.

Mine is read by all, both here and at my other post. Saw the piece about Jack Ferris being discharged from service. A friend of mine just returned from a furlough, said it was a back injury, but would not keep him from riding. Glad of that as Jack is one fine chap. Hope he gets back in the horse game.

Keep up the good work and awaiting the next issue of your paper,

Yours truly,
Pvt. C. W. Gaffney

Fort Riley, Kansas

chestnut by *Man o'War*—*Friar's Carse*, in foal to *Bull Dog, will be bred back to *Menow*, by *Pharamond II—*Alcibades*; *On The Level*, black, by *Sickle—*Anchors Ahead*, in foal to *Blue Larkspur*, to be bred back to *Sir Gallahad III, by *Teddy—*Plucky Liege*; *Miss Sarita*, sister to *Andy K.*, bay, by *Jack High*—*Alice Foster*, in foal to *Menow*, will be bred back to *War Relic*, by *Man o'War*—*Friar's Carse* and *Level Head*, brown, by *Sir Gallahad III—*Dustsweep*, in foal to *Easton and will be bred back to *Pharamond II, by *Phalaris*—*Selene*.

Will Issue Supplement For A.H.S.A. Rule Book

The following notice appeared in the January issue of the official report of the American Horse Show Association Inc.

While no complete new Rule Book will be printed for 1944, there will be forwarded to every member 1944 Supplement of the same book and paper as the present book and which will contain the names of new Judges enrolled during the year 1943, Officiating Judges at 1943 Shows, new shows elected to membership, changes in the rules, regulations governing High Score Award Competitions and other information necessary to Management Exhibitor and Judge.

Join the Association now and get your copy of the 1944 Supplement.

No Such Animal

To The Editor:

In the January 21st issue of The Chronicle, there appeared a horse anatomy chart, accompanied by a paragraph above my signature. The paragraph originally accompanied another chart and, in transforming one to fit the other, a slight error resulted.

When we think of the war, with all of its ghastly phases, or even of our valiant warriors being lost in the jungle or drifting for days on the Pacific, this little error is grotesque and ridiculous.

However, as I constantly endeavor to be correct in all statements concerning horses and horsemanship, should like to remove that "gaskin" from the front end of the horse and put it on the other end where it naturally grows.

The gaskin is the upper section of the hind leg between the stifle joint and the hock.

I shall be grateful to you if you will correct the error.

Very sincerely,
Margaret de Martel
Barrington, Illinois
January 24, 1944.

How To Hold

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FOR SALE—Jones Terriers. Pups ready for delivery. P. O. Box 1213 Upperville, Va.

WANTED—Kennelman. State age, experience and reference. Box DFL, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va.

WANTED—Teaser for breeding establishment. For details and particulars contact Dr. William Casper, North Wales, Warrenton, Virginia. Phone 794-J.

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